

# SHOOT!

ANNUAL 1980



Star players,  
great games  
in exciting  
features  
and photos









# SHOOT!

## Annual 1980

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I dreamt of being with a glamorous First Division club and playing for England as I stacked deckchairs on the beach at Skegness, my home town, in the early summer of 1967.

But the realisation of that ambition seemed years away. After all, I had only just completed a full season as a regular with Third Division Scunthorpe following one season in the reserves and before that, rejection by Notts County as an amateur.

Within months I was at Liverpool—albeit in the reserves—and appearing for England in an Under-23 shirt.

I joined the Anfield club in the June and got the England summons in November. Obviously not only had a Liverpool scout watched me at the Old Show Ground, but an England selector, too. The transformation in my life, like something out of a boys' magazine story, took me quite a time to adjust to.

Originally I was down as a reserve




# 'The differences CLUB AND

for the England Under-23 game v Wales at Swansea, but due to an injury to first choice Peter Springett in a League match for Sheffield Wednesday on the previous Saturday, I came into the team. Roger Jones, now of Stoke City, was called up to fill my place on the subs' bench.

Although my international debut at the lower level was a momentous event for me at the time, I hold only vague

memories of a game which we won 2-1. All I can remember of the Welsh goal was that I had no chance of preventing it.

For two years I waited for a recall. I never lost heart. My steady improvement at Liverpool convinced me that it would come. I did not fear the fate that had befallen so many players called up briefly and then forgotten. Appearances in the Under-



**RAY  
CLEMENCE**  
talking soccer





Here were players of tremendous stature, with domestic honours apart from coveted World Cup winners' medals mixing with me, the owner of only a couple of tankards for helping Liverpool reserves to Central League Championships.

I was almost too scared to speak to them at first, but Sir Alf Ramsey, the then-manager, had created a fine spirit and I was quickly integrated into the squad.

Sir Alf was held in great respect for his fairness, knowledge of the game, and his air of gentlemanly authority. The players obeyed him absolutely. He never had to tell anyone twice to do something.

Apart from the "family feeling" that encouraged everyone to get on well together, playing for my country was entirely different from playing with my club.

At Liverpool I knew every player's strengths and weaknesses, his skills, how

# between playing for **COUNTRY'**

**ABOVE . . . Kevin Keegan, making his England debut, sees this shot saved by Wales goalkeeper Gary Sprake.**  
**RIGHT . . . Malcolm Macdonald scored five goals for England against Cyprus.**

23 side had never been a guarantee of graduation into the full England squad.

I had about three more games for the "second" team, plus being sub, on several occasions, before at last I received that long-awaited letter from the Football Association at Lancaster Gate, London, summoning me to report for the England v East Germany game at Wembley in September, 1970.

It was England's first match since losing to West Germany in that 1970 World Cup Quarter-Final in Leon, Mexico. Peter Bonetti, drafted in to replace first choice Gordon Banks, unable to play due to a crippling stomach upset, had been unfairly blamed for losing three goals. How could he be expected to cope after a gap of ten games?

Peter and then third choice Alex Stepney of Manchester United were replaced by Peter Shilton and myself.

As it was, Gordon Banks, with over 60 internationals to his credit, was rested for the East Germany game and Peter Shilton made his debut in an entertaining 3-1 win for England.

In the company of many of my heroes of the 1966 World Cup winning side—Bobby Moore, Geoff Hurst and Martin Peters, for example—I felt like a new boy meeting sixth-formers on his first day at school. Truly, I was over-awed.







**Above . . . Ray looks back as Italy's Antognoni scores their first goal in Rome, November, 1976.**

he behaved in certain situations, the positions he took up. Now I had to quickly adapt to dovetailing with mostly strangers. There were, of course, some of my Liverpool team-mates present, which helped me.

And, of course, players had to size up my capabilities and preferences.

I soon came to the conclusion that one of the tests of a top-class player is how quickly he can adapt to playing alongside unfamiliar faces.

A big difference between League and international football is the quality of the team, of course. A First Division side will have around five internationals, drawn from all four British countries and Eire, whereas an international team is made up of the eleven best players in their country.

Unless the opposition is one of those Home nations or Eire, then the chances are that almost every opponent is an unknown quantity. Of course, there will be exceptions—players you've met in European competition with your club or in a previous international.

Dossiers and briefings can be helpful, but they can be dangerously misleading. For instance, a player may be referred to as "all left foot"—and yet appear in front of goal with the ball at his right foot, and without switching feet put the ball past you into the net!

So the important thing is to store information at the back of your mind, take nothing for granted, and concentrate on your own game and let the opposition worry about you!

These lessons I learnt after making my full debut, again against Wales on their home territory. My then Liverpool team-mate, Kevin Keegan, also had his first run-out in what proved to be an unexciting game, which England won with a goal from

Colin Bell. It reminded me of a Liverpool v Everton derby when so much pride is involved players become tremendously tense and inhibited.

A few months later Wales came to Wembley for another World Cup qualifier, and Sir Alf fielded the same line-up on the grounds that it was only fair that the men who had done a job for him at Cardiff should get the chance to continue the work.

My Liverpool team-mate, John Toshack, almost brought my international career to a full stop by knocking past me a cross from winger Leighton James.

It took an extra-special, rare goal from the mighty left peg of Norman Hunter to save our faces—and a point!

After that poor performance, the Press hatchetmen tore the team apart, and I was one of those omitted from the next game, even though I felt blameless.

It wasn't until Sir Alf had been unkindly sacked after England's failure to qualify for the World Cup that I was recalled, by caretaker-manager Joe Mercer.

My first three matches were during



**RIGHT . . . Trevor Brooking on the ball against Italy in the World Cup-tie at Wembley in 1977.**

**ABOVE, RIGHT . . . Clem of Liverpool.**



a close season tour of "Iron Curtain" countries. We opened against East Germany, and were leading 1-0 until the last quarter-of-an hour when a very small skilful German forward beat me with an incredible shot that "bent" five yards.

Next stop was Sofia, where we beat Bulgaria 1-0.

Then, against a Yugoslav team, we earned a 2-2 draw, and could have won if Malcolm Macdonald had not missed the sort of easy chance he normally despatches with no trouble at all.

The Slavs' first goal was a scrambled, close-in effort, while their second was one of the most remarkable ever scored against me. Our Dave Watson headed the ball away; their Oblac ran on to it 30 yards out and hit it so hard first-time it hit a stanchion at the back of the England net and came out before I realised it had gone in!

Don Revie was then appointed manager and after a 2-2 draw at Wembley with Wales I became established as first choice number one.

Under Don Revie I suffered two of my biggest disappointments: when England failed to reach the Quarter-Finals of the 1976 European Champ-

**RIGHT . . . Wales v England - John Toshack and Brian Greenhoff during a pause in play.**

**BELOW . . . The dynamic Kevin Keegan gets in a shot despite the close attention of this Hungary defender.**



ionship and the 1978 World Cup Finals.

Above all, I long to play in a World Cup Finals. My only chance is Spain 1982. And new manager Ron Greenwood is the man capable of taking me there.

Mr Greenwood is a cross between Sir Alf Ramsey and Joe Mercer: a fine student of the game who allows players to express themselves.

We all respond to his philosophy, exemplified in his pre-match final words: "Go out and enjoy yourselves. Don't concentrate too much on the tactics we've discussed. Just play your natural games—they are the basis on which you were selected. If things go wrong, I'll take the blame. If things go right, you'll get the credit."

Mr Greenwood appreciates that the ball is round and that pitches are uneven. Just two of the factors—apart from being faced by eleven men out to stop you playing—that make football the unpredictable, but fascinating game that it is.

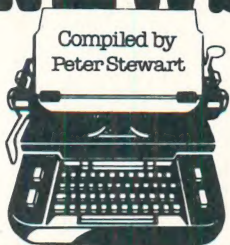
Apart from the chance to play at the highest level, football has broadened my horizons, taken me to countries such as the United States and South America and opened-up doors to commercial ventures that will help secure the future for me and my family.

My greatest ambition is to repay the honour bestowed on me by helping England to again win one of the games most prestigious prizes.



# NEWS DESK

Compiled by  
Peter Stewart



**NEVILLE** Hamilton, 18 year-old Leicester midfielder, could well prove to be the next coloured player to make his name in the Football League.

Hamilton, whose parents are from the West Indies, but have lived in England for 20 years, already has one claim to fame.

"I made my League debut at 17 against Manchester United in front of 57,000 at Old Trafford," says Neville. "I believe I am the youngest black player to appear in the First Division."

## UNBEATEN AT HOME

**WHICH** club would you think possesses the record for going through most post-War seasons without a home League defeat. Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester United? No, surprisingly the answer is Mansfield Town, who've only been as high as the Second Division once.

Mansfield have achieved immunity at Field Mill four times, in 1950-51, 1963-64, 1974-75 and 1976-77.

Leeds, Liverpool and Millwall have all achieved the feat three times.

"EYES down look in at the Irish" could be the order for Bristol Rovers scouts.

Irish international Miah Dennehy now playing in the midfield for the Second Division club is planning a set up of Irish contacts to report on his compatriots who could make the grade in English football.

Rovers boss Bobby Campbell is keen on the idea as he explains that Ireland, both North and South, is one of the places where transfer fees have not rocketed out of proportion.

Dennehy played for Cork Hibs before joining Nottingham Forest, is well known in the Cork area and has plenty of contacts throughout the two main Irish Leagues.

So with Bristol only minutes flying time away it is a simple matter for Mr. Campbell to nip over and check on a player in a Sunday match . . . and sign him.

**QUESTION:** Who is the goalkeeper helping his side become one of the most ATTACK-conscious in Scotland?

**ANSWER:** Billy Thompson, St. Mirren's buy from Partick Thistle.

Team mate Iain Munro says: "He gives the team so much confidence that we know we can push forward without worrying."

It is good to realise things are being well looked after at the back when we get into our opponent's half of the field."

# 'FOOTBALL NEEDS FULL-TIME REFS'

says Norwich boss  
**JOHN BOND**

**N**orwich City manager John Bond (right) has joined the ever-growing group who want full-time referees.

There has been a lot of criticism of officials recently; even World Cup whistler Clive Thomas has spoken out about the drop in standards.

Bond says: "At the moment, there is almost no understanding between refs and players. We need referees to be full-time so they can spend more time with clubs to see how the players really are."

"I'm sure if they knew more about players . . . the way they think, behave and react . . . the game would be much better. Of course players explode on the spur of the moment, but if officials had the opportunity to see players train and be with them more, it would help them understand how they tick."

"We've lost a crop of very good refs in the past few seasons and now there are quite a few inexperienced officials on the League list."

"Full credit to Clive Thomas, who has been man enough to admit his mistakes. He is the perfect example of a referee who has gone out of his way to learn about players, and he's all the better for it. I know he's a bit



controversial, but he's a good ref who, in my view, has set fresh standards in his profession."

"If others followed Clive's example and found out more about the men they're in charge of every week, everyone would benefit."

Clubs have to send in reports about the referee after every game, but as far as we know, the report is invariably done by the chairman. Seems strange, doesn't it, that the manager doesn't have this job? After all, surely he's much closer to the situation than the chairman?

**THE** goal Leeds United scored at home to West Bromwich Albion last season was possibly unique: Arthur Graham admitted afterwards that he and Byron Stevenson had struck the shot together.

Graham gave Stevenson the credit because he had not scored in the League before.

In 1954 Jack Froggatt and Stan Milburn of Leicester went into the record books with a joint own goal at Stamford Bridge. If you can have a joint goal against, why not a joint goal for?

Imagine the list of scorers at the season's end including, say, Graham 7½, Stevenson ½!

**YOU** may think twins Paul and Ron Futchter have set a record in playing together for three different clubs. Chester, Luton and Manchester City, but 20 years or so ago, Peter and David Jackson played for Wrexham, Bradford City, Tranmere, Frickley Colliery, Altrincham and Hyde United.

**UNTIL** a short time ago there wasn't a goalkeeper in the League for whom a six-figure transfer fee had been paid—but in recent times Phil Parkes, Peter Shilton, George Wood, Paul Bradshaw, Jim Stewart and Jake Findlay are among those who have changed clubs in return for £100,000 plus.



**CRAIG Johnston**, 18-year-old midfielder with Middlesbrough, can certainly get around.

Born in South Africa and brought up in Australia, he has played for the Aussie schoolboy and youth teams, but is now free to play for England or Scotland on residential grounds. His father played as a professional in Scotland.

Craig, who played for Lake Maquarie in Australia, also won area honours at cricket and athletics—800 and 1,500 metres and cross country.

**LIVERPOOL'S** vast experience in Europe has brought them into conflict with clubs from 22 different countries, but they've still to run up against anyone from Finland, Denmark, Austria, Cyprus or Russia.

## BOB GOES BACK—100 YEARS

**EVERTON** striker Bob Latchford (right) took a trip down memory lane last season to help celebrate the year 1878. That's when it all began for Everton—with a club named Stanley Park.

Bob tried out their first blue and white strip and commented: "They were tough lads in those days but I think they would get laughed off the park today."



## PALNOCH FOR TOP?

**IRISH** League outfit Distillery has produced an abundance of top-quality strikers down the years, including the likes of the legendary Derek Dougan, Nottingham Forest ace Martin O'Neill and Tom Finney (Cambridge United).

And the near century-old Belfast club, Ireland's oldest professional combination, may have discovered another potentially top-class net-finder in teenage centre-forward David Palnoch, for whom a bright future is forecast.

**MANAGER** Bob Stokoe and defender Dick Malone were together on Sunderland's memorable F.A. Cup Final day against Leeds United in 1973. Now they are at Blackpool.

Stokoe saw Malone turn in an impressive performance in the Ian Porterfield Testimonial match at Roker Park—and signed him for the Third Division club.

Malone was thrilled to renew acquaintances with Stokoe. He had been in the background—and on the transfer list—after a disagreement with Fourth Division Hartlepool.

## WARM-HEARTED STEELE

A frequent visitor to Chailey Heritage, a Sussex school for deprived and handicapped children, is Brighton's goalkeeper Eric Steele.

Steele, who became Brighton's first choice 'keeper at the end of the 1976-7 season, has always had an interest in the welfare of deprived children.

"It's very satisfying to think I can help make their lives a little happier," said Steele.

"**CONTROLLING** the young and rowdy element which fringes most crowds, and for the existence of which defective education and moral training rather than soccer passion is responsible, is a problem with all clubs." That quote is from a national paper—not recently, but in ... February, 1906!

**TONY Henry**, a 21-year-old Manchester City reserve striker and midfielder, is still hopeful of making the grade among the star-studded Maine Road outfit.

He could have signed for Blackpool last season in a £35,000 deal, but decided to stay with honour-seeking City.

The Newcastle-born player won schoolboy and youth honours with Durham.



**DID** you know that Manchester United in modern times have had six players who all became full internationals with Northern Ireland while still teenagers? Of their current staff Sammy McIlroy, Jimmy Nicholl, Dave McCreery, and Chris McGrath all did just that, and so did George Best and Jimmy Nicholson, who preceded them at Old Trafford.

## VINTAGE CLASS

**ALBERTO** Tarantini, formerly with Birmingham City (above), is a player of vintage skill and class... rather like this 1912 Rolls Royce Silver Ghost Open Drive Limousine.

"Beautiful," said Alberto, "It's chauffeur-so-good."

Well, not a bad joke for someone who at the time could hardly speak a word of English.



Former England international star, Martin Peters, beats present England midfield man Tony Currie of Leeds to the ball.







**CHIC  
McLELLAND  
Aberdeen**



In the early Seventies, Terry Cooper was probably the best left-back in the world. Then, the Leeds player broke a leg and ever since, Sir Alf Ramsey, Don Revie and Ron Greenwood have not managed to find a Number 3 with Cooper's defensive and attacking skills.

Until now. In Crystal Palace's Kenny Sansom, England have a left-back of almost frightening talent and if watching the Palace defender brings back memories of Cooper . . . it shouldn't be suprising.

Kenny admits that T.C. was his schoolboy idol and at one stage the Elland Road club were interested in Sansom.

Camberwell-born Kenny established himself in the Palace side in 1976/77, playing in all 46 League games, no mean feat in your first full season.

It quickly became obvious that he was a rather special youngster, a kid who played with the confidence of a veteran.

It was no suprise when he made his England Under-21 debut against Denmark in Copenhagen in the autumn of 1978. It was also no surprise that the

# FOR SANSOM READ SAMSON!

Palace player was the star of the night. Promotion to the full England side was just a matter of time, via the 'B' team.

One of Sansom's strengths is . . . his strength. Only 5ft 6 ins, but Kenny is as strong as an ox thanks to weight-training and an obsession for keeping fit.

Often, as an apprentice, he would come home after training and go into a series of excersises that would make his mother breathless just watching! When Kenny was just 12, she bought him a set of weights and soon he became known as Samson rather than Sansom.

Kenny's introduction to the big time at Palace was under a cloud. He missed the first 28 days of 1975/76 because of an incident that occurred when he was playing Sunday soccer for Spring Park Wolves.

The manager forgot to send in his report; the case was delayed and Sansom was suspended for a month by the F.A.

"I was staggered. I was wrong to swear at the referee, who sent me off, but I thought a 50p fine would have been my punishment. The ban shattered me.

"Still, I learnt my lesson. That suspension hammered home to me how pointless it is to argue with referees. Ian Evans helped me a lot when I came into the first-team. He would sort me



*Kenny (above) used to watch Terry Cooper (left) as a schoolboy.*

out if I started to get involved, but I keep clear of trouble now."

As Palace dragged themselves out of Division Three, Sansom was one of several youngsters introduced by Malcolm Allison and then Terry Venables from the team that won the Youth Cup.

Kenny, though, is the big star . . . the player who had "made for England" written all over him.

"I've never lacked confidence. . . I couldn't wait to pull on an international shirt.

"People say I attack too much, but if you put pressure on the opposing side, then that must be the best form of defence.

"Modern full-backs mustn't think of themselves as simply defenders, they must supplement the midfield and attack as often as possible."

Terry Cooper, rated by Pelé as one of the best defenders he's ever faced, no doubt approves of his "successor".





## MATCHES THAT MADE HEADLINES

### WORLD CUP FINAL

ARGENTINA 3,  
HOLLAND 1

(after extra-time)

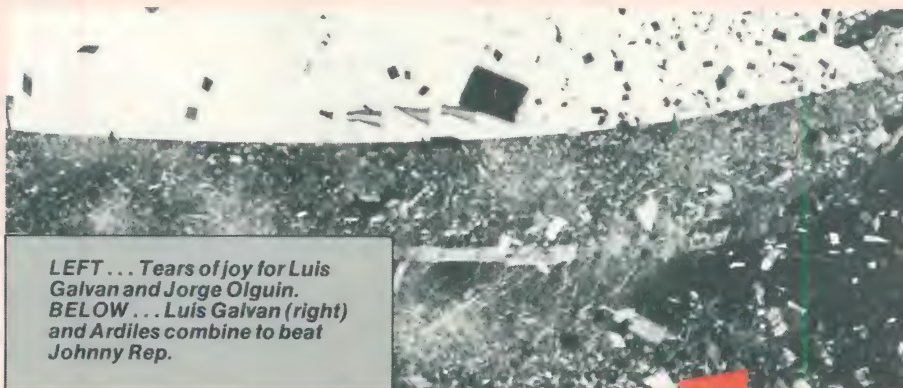
attendance: 80,000

As the Final entered its last quarter of an hour, the singing, flag-waving crowd were already beginning their victory celebrations.

They were stunned into almost total silence soon after, though, when a centre from one of the van der Kerkhof twins was headed home by Nanninga.

Holland almost won the match in the last minute, but Rensenbrink's shot hit the foot of a post.

In extra-time the match was even more dramatic and hard-fought. Some of the Dutch tackling brought howls of protest from the crowd and it was no surprise when Poortvliet was booked for his umpteenth foul on Kempes.



*LEFT ... Tears of joy for Luis Galvan and Jorge Olguin.  
BELOW ... Luis Galvan (right) and Ardiles combine to beat Johnny Rep.*

# ARGENTINA OLÉ!

ARGENTINA, by no means the most complete team in the tournament, won the 1978 World Cup Final amid scenes of hysteria in the River Plate Stadium.

In the end they needed extra-time to defeat Holland, who have now been runners-up to host nations in the last two competitions.

The magnificent stadium was a cascade of blue and white...and a blizzard of streamers and confetti as the two teams emerged from the tunnel to start the most passionate occasion in football.

But even before the kick-off there was drama when the Argentinians objected to Rene van der Kerkhof wearing a bandage.

Ten minutes behind schedule the greatest soccer show on earth began.

Immediately the Dutch tried to shake Argentina out of their stride with some ruthless tackles, especially from Poortvliet and Haan.

Argentina's first dangerous move ended with Kempes opening Holland's defence with a long pass to Bertoni whose final shot was saved by Dutch 'keeper Jongbloed.

The crowd sensed the Dutch threat to their dreams was a real one—until Kempes, the star of this World Cup Finals—scored Argentina's first goal in the 37th minute.

A few moments later, Holland

should have equalised, but Rensenbrink wasted his chance from close-range.

Although the match lacked the skill expected from such an occasion, there was no shortage of incident and excitement.

During the second-half, Holland attacked with increasing ferocity, with Nanninga, a substitute for Rep, causing most problems with his accurate centres.

It was Kempes who brought the stadium to its feet in the 14th minute of this spell with his second goal.

With four minutes left Kempes again weaved his way through the middle and Bertoni was on hand to strike the goal which gave the World Cup to Argentina.

The host nation deserved their success on a night that Buenos Aires was brought to a standstill.







## THE TEAMS

**Argentina:** Fillol; Olguin, Galvin, Passarella, Tarantini, Ardiles, Gallego, Kempes, Bertoni, Luque, Ortiz. Substitutes: Larrosa, Houseman.  
**Manager:** Cesar L. Menotti.

**Holland:** Jongbloed; Kroj, Jansen, Brandts, Poortvliet, Hann, Neeskens, W van der Kerkhof, R van der Kerkhof, Rep, Rensenbrink. Substitutes: Suurbier, Nanninga.  
**Manager:** F.E. Happel.

**Referee:** S. Gonella (Italy).



## HOW THEY GOT TO THE FINAL

**Argentina;**  
**First Round Group One**  
 v. Hungary — 2 - 1  
 v. France — 2 - 1  
 v. Italy — 0 - 1

**Final Table**

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Italy	3	3	0	0	6	2	6
Argentina	3	2	0	1	4	3	4
France	3	1	0	2	5	5	2
Hungary	3	0	0	3	3	8	0

**Second Round Group B**  
 v. Poland — 2 - 0  
 v. Brazil — 0 - 0  
 v. Peru — 6 - 0

**Final Table**

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Argentina	3	2	1	0	8	0	5
Brazil	3	2	1	0	6	1	5
Poland	3	1	0	2	5	2	2
Peru	3	0	0	3	0	10	0

**Holland;**  
**First Round Group Four**  
 v. Iran — 3 - 0  
 v. Peru — 0 - 0  
 v. Scotland — 2 - 3

**Final Table**

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Peru	3	2	1	0	7	2	5
Holland	3	1	1	1	5	3	3
Scotland	3	1	1	1	5	6	3
Iran	3	0	1	2	2	8	1

**Second Round Group A**  
 v. Austria — 5 - 1  
 v. West Germany — 2 - 2  
 v. Italy — 2 - 1

**Final Table**

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Holland	3	2	1	0	9	4	5
Italy	3	1	1	1	2	2	3
West Germany	3	0	2	1	4	5	2
Austria	3	1	0	2	4	8	2





**OPPOSITE PAGE, TOP . . . Bertoni scores Argentina's third and "killer goal" against Holland.**  
**OPPOSITE PAGE, BELOW . . . Gallego beats Haan to the ball.**  
**BELOW . . . Argentina - 1978 World Champions!**

## WORLD CUP FACTS

Total attendance at the 38 matches was 1,726,500

FINAL gate receipts were around \$35 million dollars.

F.I.F.A. stated 83% of the tickets were sold—a record—and average attendance at games was 45,435, another World Cup record. Only one gate was below 20,000.

COST of staging the event was estimated at between \$700-900 million dollars.

FASTEST goal of the tournament was scored after 38 seconds by Lacombe (France) v. Italy.

PLAYER of the World Cup Finals was Argentina's Kempes. Rossi (Italy) was second, Dirceu (Brazil) third.

KEMPES was also top scorer with six goals.

WORLD Champions Argentina also won the Fair Play Trophy. Austria were second, Italy joint third with Austria. Scotland were bottom of the table.

Three players were sent off—Torocsik (Hungary), Nyilasi (Hungary) and Nanniga (Holland).

F.I.F.A. announced revenue from the Finals exceeded £15 million. Scotland received an estimated £200,000 for the three matches they played.





Whatever else Viv Anderson achieves in soccer . . . and chances are it will be quite a lot . . . he will always be known as The First Black Player To Win A Full England Cap.

Just as Martin Peters was 10 years ahead of his time, Howard Kendall the youngest F.A. Cup Final star and Gordon McQueen the first £500,000 player . . . Viv's title will live with him.

Not that the likeable 23-year-old Nottingham Forest full-back minds.

As he points out, it's always been his ambition to represent his country and with an accent as Nottingham as Sherwood Forest, no one can doubt where he was born!

The Black Breakthrough came in 1971 when Nigerian-born Benjamin Odeje played for England Schoolboys. Since then, Bob Hazell, Cyrille Regis and Laurie Cunningham have won Under-21 and 'B' caps . . . but Anderson was the first black player to wear the full England shirt, against



# THE TITLE VIV ANDERSON WILL NEVER LOSE

Czechoslovakia on November 29th, 1978.

That historic night at Wembley was a far cry from his earlier days when, as a youngster, he was always played up front "because I could run the fastest. They kicked the ball and I ran after it. I used to score a lot of goals."

Manchester United had him for a year, but didn't take him on and didn't even give him a reason.

Anderson started work as an apprentice printer, but five weeks later Dave Mackay offered him the chance at the City Ground.

Within 18 months Viv was in the first-team, but he was far from an

instant success. Things only started to happen when Brian Clough and Peter Taylor arrived and one of their first jobs was to bawl out the young defender.

Taylor remembers: "Viv always had the flair, the ability, but didn't apply himself properly."

"He got the message quickly what we expected of him and he was soon showing the sort of dedication we demand."

Viv puts it down to confidence. "The pair told me to play my natural game, so I stopped worrying about things and just did them. I began to enjoy my soccer."

Anderson has scored some memorable goals in his career.

even top strikers would be proud of.

"I play by instinct. I don't think about scoring, I just do what I feel I should do at the time. This is the sort

of freedom we're allowed at Forest. The management want us to express ourselves all the time."

Inevitably Anderson carries the hopes of thousands of young black players in the country. He's now a sort of Pied Piper.

He points out: "Colour doesn't matter. It's how good you are that counts. If I've proved anything it is that black kids can make it to the top and this gives me a big thrill."

He's also had his share of laughs. When Forest played Bristol City one day, Joe Royle complained to the referee that Viv was picking on him . . . because he was white!

After training, Anderson likes to douse himself in talc, but Brian Clough often tells him: "It's no good, Viv. No matter how much you put on, you'll still be the same colour tomorrow!"

It's hard not to like Viv Anderson . . . the young, gifted and black history maker of Forest.



Viv on his England debut . . . above, the men who have guided him to the top - Peter Taylor and Brian Clough.



# INTERNATIONALS ON THE SPOT

A player from each of the Home countries - and the Republic of Ireland - answers seven probing questions...

## Gordon McQueen

SCOTLAND

- 1 What do you remember most about your international debut?

Only 6,000 or so fans in the ground for my debut against Belgium in 1973-74, but a great honour to pull on Scotland's shirt for the first time.

- 2 What's been the most enjoyable moment of your international career?

Beating England 2-1 at Wembley in 1976-77. And an even greater thrill for me scoring Scotland's first goal.

- 3 Can you recall the funniest moment when playing for your country?

I cannot recall a particularly funny moment. International football is pretty serious stuff these days.

- 4 What has been your worst moment at international level?

The sickening realisation that the injury I received playing for Scotland against Wales in 1978 would prevent me from playing in the World Cup Finals in Argentina.

- 5 Which international player have you admired more than anyone?

Billy Bremner. No player has inspired me more. It was an honour to play with him at Leeds United.

- 6 Who has influenced your international career more than anyone else?

Ally McLeod, the former Scotland manager, for picking me for international duty. Norman Hunter, my old Leeds teammate, was another inspiration.

- 7 Do you have a burning international ambition?

To make it to the next World Cup. I'll only be 30.



A great moment for any Scot - Gordon scores against England at Wembley in 1977.





## INTERNATIONALS ON THE SPOT

# Pat Rice

## NORTHERN IRELAND

- 1 What do you remember most about your international debut?

My happiest memory of my debut against Israel in 1969 was playing with Derek Dougan. He scored a hat-trick in our 3-3 draw. What a character.

- 2 What's been the most enjoyable moment of your international career?

Beating England 1-0 at Wembley in 1972 with a goal by my Arsenal manager Terry Neill.

- 3 Can you recall the funniest moment when playing for your country?

Nothing I would like printed.

- 4 What has been your worst moment at international level?

Our 1-0 defeat by Iceland in 1978. We knew then we were out of the 1978 World Cup Finals.

- 5 Which international player have you admired more than anyone?

George Best. He was brilliant. He could create goals and score goals. Not many players can do that. He was almost impossible to mark tightly. He had breathtaking skills.

- 6 Who has influenced your international career more than anyone else?

No-one has influenced my international career, but I'm indebted to club coaches at Arsenal, notably Ernie Whalley, Steve Burtenshaw, Bobby Campbell and Don Howe.

- 7 Do you have a burning international ambition?



For Northern Ireland to qualify for the European Championship Finals--and for my career to go on for several more seasons.

George Best heads past Gordon Banks, but the goal was disallowed.







## INTERNATIONALS ON THE SPOT

# Peter Barnes

ENGLAND

- 1 What do you remember most about your international debut?

The thrill of playing my first game for England against Italy at Wembley in 1977. We had to win 6-0 to qualify for the World Cup. We failed in that objective, but I enjoyed the occasion.

- 2 What's been the most enjoyable moment of your international career?

My first goal for England, against Wales in the Home Championship in 1978.

- 3 Can you recall the funniest moment when playing for your country?

The shock on Peter Reid's face when England Under-21's were going to play a game in Norway and he had changed all his money into Dutch currency.

- 4 What has been your worst moment at international level?

Leading West Germany 1-0 in Munich in my second international only to finish up on the losing side, beaten 2-1. I brooded about that one. I don't like losing much.

- 5 Which international player have you admired more than anyone?

Denis Law. He has been a friend of my father's for many years. I first met him when I was two. Can't remember it, but have got to know him well since. Great player, great man.

- 6 Who has influenced your international career more than anyone else?

Ron Greenwood has helped me more than anyone. I like him most because he allows me to play my own individual game. He has never restricted my style in any way. I have total freedom when I play for England.

Ron Greenwood has helped Peter tremendously.



- 7 Do you have a burning international ambition?

To go to Spain as first choice for

the England team at the 1982 World Cup Finals. I think we can do it this time.



## INTERNATIONALS ON THE SPOT

# Terry Yorath

WALES

- 1 What do you remember most about your international debut?

How could I forget my debut against Italy in a World Cup qualifier in 1970. I played alongside Mike England in the centre of defence, with the task of marking Italy's star forward Luigi Riva. The result? Riva scored a hat-trick in Italy's 4-1 victory.

- 2 What's been the most enjoyable moment of your international career?

Wales' 1-0 victory over England at Wembley in 1977. We played well that night.

- 3 Can you recall the funniest moment when playing for your country?

The former Welsh physiotherapist Jack Jones suffered from asthma, but seemed to be breaking sprint records when he raced across the pitch to tend to my ankle injury in one game. "It's my ankle, Jack, it's killing me" I moaned. "Oh Terry, give me a couple of minutes" wheezed Jack, "I'm out of breath."

- 4 What has been your worst moment at international level?

Losing 2-0 to Scotland in a 1978 World Cup qualifier. I felt it was my last chance to play in a World Cup.

- 5 Which international player have you admired more than anyone?

No hesitation. Franz Beckenbauer and Bobby Moore. Both were immensely skilful, unhurried, but above all showed exemplary conduct on the pitch and have been great ambassadors for football.

- 6 Who has influenced your international career more than anyone else?

Mike Smith, the Welsh Manager, has helped me most. He is a professional yet sociable man. I must also thank Don Revie, cast as a villain, but a hero of mine and my family when he managed Leeds.



- 7 Do you have a burning international ambition?

Despite what I said earlier, I cherish a dream that I might play for Wales in the 1982 World Cup Finals in Spain. I'll only be 32.

*Terry (left) tangles with Kenny Dalglish in the Wales/Scotland World Cup tie.*





## INTERNATIONALS ON THE SPOT

- 1 What do you remember most about your international debut?

The fear down my spine when I walked out with the international side for the first time against Poland, at Dublin in 1977. My family couldn't get there and I felt totally alone.

- 2 What's been the most enjoyable moment of your international career?

Drawing 1-1 with England in October 1978. Very satisfying that result. My Brighton manager Alan Mullery was there and called me 'Paddy' for weeks afterwards.

- 3 Can you recall the funniest moment when playing for your country?

The sight of Mickey Walsh, a sub against Northern Ireland, limbering up in the belief he was coming on the pitch, only for player-manager Johnny Giles to summon someone else from the bench. You should have seen Mickey's face.

- 4 What has been your worst moment at international level?

# Mark Lawrenson

## REPUBLIC OF IRELAND

No doubt about this one, the moment Polish customs officials lost my visa when the Republic of Ireland played Poland in Warsaw in 1978. It held our return journey up for two hours until someone found it at the police station.

- 5 Which international player have you admired more than anyone?

Kevin Keegan. Totally unselfish for such a great player. His running off the ball when we played England was exceptional.

- 6 Who has influenced your international career more than anyone else?

Alan Kelly, assistant manager of the Republic and assistant at my former club, Preston. He taught me never to be in awe of star players.

- 7 Do you have a burning international ambition?



To play in the later stages of the World Cup. The Republic used to be a joke, but watch us go in the 1982 Finals.

Kevin Keegan in action against the Republic in Dublin, 1978.





**W**henver I go abroad I always bring back something for my wife, Jackie. Usually something connected with football, but no specific souvenir, such as a doll.

The players are invariably given a present by the host club or national association, perhaps an ash tray, lighter or cuff-links. I can't say I have anything REALLY outstanding, but I missed out on what the more experienced England lads said was their best-ever gift.

It was from the West Germans, just before I came into the side, and the England players were given beautiful cameras, complete with leather cases.

I have exchanged shirts with opponents ever since I broke through into the England side. We are given two England shirts by the Football Association, the other is meant to be a change-shirt for half-time. I use one shirt to swap and the other I usually give away.

I remember coming off at Wembley once and a young ball-boy asked me for my England jersey. I think he was joking. . . but you should have seen his face when I did, in fact, hand it to him.

The best Continental shirt I have is that of Leao, the Brazil goalkeeper . . . it's a rich blue with "BRASIL" printed on the front. A Brazil shirt is a proud possession at any time, but I reckon the 'keeper's is better than the yellow and green outfield strip.

As a youngster, I was never much of an autograph hunter, probably because I was involved with Chelsea from the age of about 11, and seeing big names all the time made me less of a hero-worshipper.

I did ask Eusebio for his autograph around ten years ago when he was at Stamford Bridge. The Portugal star was a spectator at a game and he obliged. I've mislaid it since, though.

# 'When I was chosen as PLAYER OF THE DECADE'

**RAY  
WILKINS**  
Writes for you

I try and make time to sign autographs and chat to fans. Not too long ago I was at a function and I heard this boy of 13 or 14 boasting: "We took The Loft last week," whatever The Loft is. He obviously meant there had been a fight with rival fans.

I asked him why he went to games—to watch the football or to make trouble? He was with some mates and he looked very embarrassed and shame-faced. I like to think he's become better behaved as a result of our chat.

I always bought soccer books and

magazines—Roy of the Rovers was my childhood hero. My Mum still keeps a scrapbook of me, although I'm sorry to say I haven't won many honours.


The first I can recall winning was believe it or not, the Player of the Decade, when I was 12. A local vicar organised the award amongst teachers, who voted for the best schoolboy—and I won. I still have the plaque with the memorable inscription. Makes Goal of the Month seem quite tame!

If my memory serves me correctly I was only in one Final with my Secondary Modern School, Townfield and we lost 5-2. I sometimes ask myself what happened to the other promising players who, as teenagers, looked as if they could make the grade.

I saw one not long ago and he must be about 16 stone! If you want to become a professional, you must have the dedication to go with your







skill. I realise it's tempting to start drinking and having good times when you're starting work, but you soon go off the rails if you do that.

One game I'll never forget was against Pinkfield School and my two brothers, Graham and Steve, were also playing; Dean was too young. I was the player the other side had marked down as the one to watch and they had two men on me the entire game. We won 3-1, with Steve notching a hat-trick. He's never let me forget that match...

My bad luck continued when I signed professional forms for Chelsea. Ray Lewington, who's the same age as myself, has, I think, two South East Counties trophies, but I was a year ahead, in the reserves!

We went to Belgium to play in a Youth tournament once, which Chelsea won. The Wilkins luck was still out, however... I was injured!

My debut for England Schoolboys hardly made the record books. It was at West Brom's ground against

"Brothers  
Graham and  
Steve with me at  
Stamford  
Bridge."



Northern Ireland and a coach-load of school pals made the journey to see me play.

Unfortunately, I hurt my back three days before the game, but didn't want to let anyone down as all the arrangements had been made. I lasted 12 minutes... lesson learnt.

My first major honour was leading the England Youth team to victory in the Little World Cup in Switzerland in 1975.

Not only did we have a good side, but the team-spirit was first-class. In the team were Glenn Hoddle, Peter Barnes, John Middleton, Steve Wicks and Alan Curbishley to name just a few.

Switzerland is a fabulous country and the tournament was a marvellous experience.

I felt a little out of things when I made my England Under-23 debut at Selhurst Park against Portugal. I hardly knew my team-mates, but after a couple of days together we soon "broke the ice".

My full England debut was in New York against Italy and while I was reasonably satisfied with my

first-half performance, to be 0-2 down in your first game is hardly the ideal start. In the second-half, Trevor Brooking and Micky Channon took control and we ran out worthy 3-2 winners.

It was on that tour, in the summer of 1976, that I "acquired" a very special ball. I didn't play against Team America in Philadelphia and was sitting on the bench next to Joe Corrigan, when a ball came bouncing towards us.

## Traditionalist

The ball was a stars-and-stripes red, white and blue one, which I'd never seen before. Joe handed me a pump and adaptor, which were nearby. The ball was deflated and it's now in my home, unused!

One team we didn't change shirts with was the Cosmos, when they came to Stamford Bridge in the autumn of 1978 for a friendly. Pity—I'd have been on Johan Cruyff's back as soon as the final whistle went!

Whilst his jersey would have been a prized souvenir, I'm a traditionalist at

heart and don't like the fancy strips. My favourites are Arsenal and Liverpool, because they're traditional and virtually unchanged.

Clubs have to take advantage of the commercial opportunities offered to them by the clothing manufacturers, but at the same time I feel sorry for the kids, who have to keep buying new strips as their clubs change.

My England caps are on display at our house and I'm also proud of the painting given to me by a fan, who did it from a photograph in the Chelsea programme.

My shelves still have plenty of room for trophies... and I hope the Eighties sees a few pots coming my way. If they do, I also hope I'll be writing about them in SHOOT.

*Ray Winstone*

*"With Cosmos captain Werner Roth."*







Steve is beaten by Celtic keeper Peter Latchford on this occasion.

# He scores - and saves

## STEVIE ARCHIBALD (Aberdeen)

**I**T takes an exceptional player to be a good stand-in goalkeeper as well as a brilliant goalscorer . . .

Such a player is Stevie Archibald, Aberdeen's terrier-like raider 'who flatly refuses to take "No" for an answer when he goes raiding in the heart of rival defences.

But let's start at the beginning and the goalkeeper side of Archibald's career. "My father always urged me to be versatile," says the dynamic Don. "He told me to develop my skills and he took a great interest in my game.

"When I signed for Clyde he was my biggest critic. I would come off the park fairly happy with the way I had played, but he soon put me right. He would always find something to moan about and, really, he kept me on my toes.

"I was happy at Clyde where I enjoyed my soccer and it was there that I made my goalkeeping debut. It came in a League Cup match against Queen's Park at Hampden when our regular 'keeper, John Arrol, had to be carried off after breaking a leg.

"I volunteered to go into goal. After all, I had always fancied myself between the sticks. In fact, you would probably be surprised at the amount of outfield players who want to play in goal during 'bounce' games.

"One thing I will tell you, though, is that it is murder when it comes to the real thing!

"Try going for a high ball when there are about 20 players in the penalty area. It's not easy, believe me. No, I much prefer trying to score goals than preventing them."

And there can be little doubt that Archibald, who was brought to Pittodrie by Billy McNeill, now the Celtic boss, of course, for a bargain basement fee of £30,000 three years ago, is doing the job with clinical professionalism.

Archibald obviously enjoys playing alongside Mr. Goals himself, Joe Harper, Stevie says: "Yes, it's marvellous playing in the same forward line as Joe. You can learn so much from him.

"He gives me great encouragement and he is always shouting advice. It's advice I have listened to on various occasions . . . and I've also scored on them."

No-nonsense Archibald goes about his job of destroying defences with an amazing enthusiasm. He can score goals from either wing or from outside or inside the penalty box.

"I like having a go," says Archibald. "I just love scoring goals, it's what the game is all about, after all.

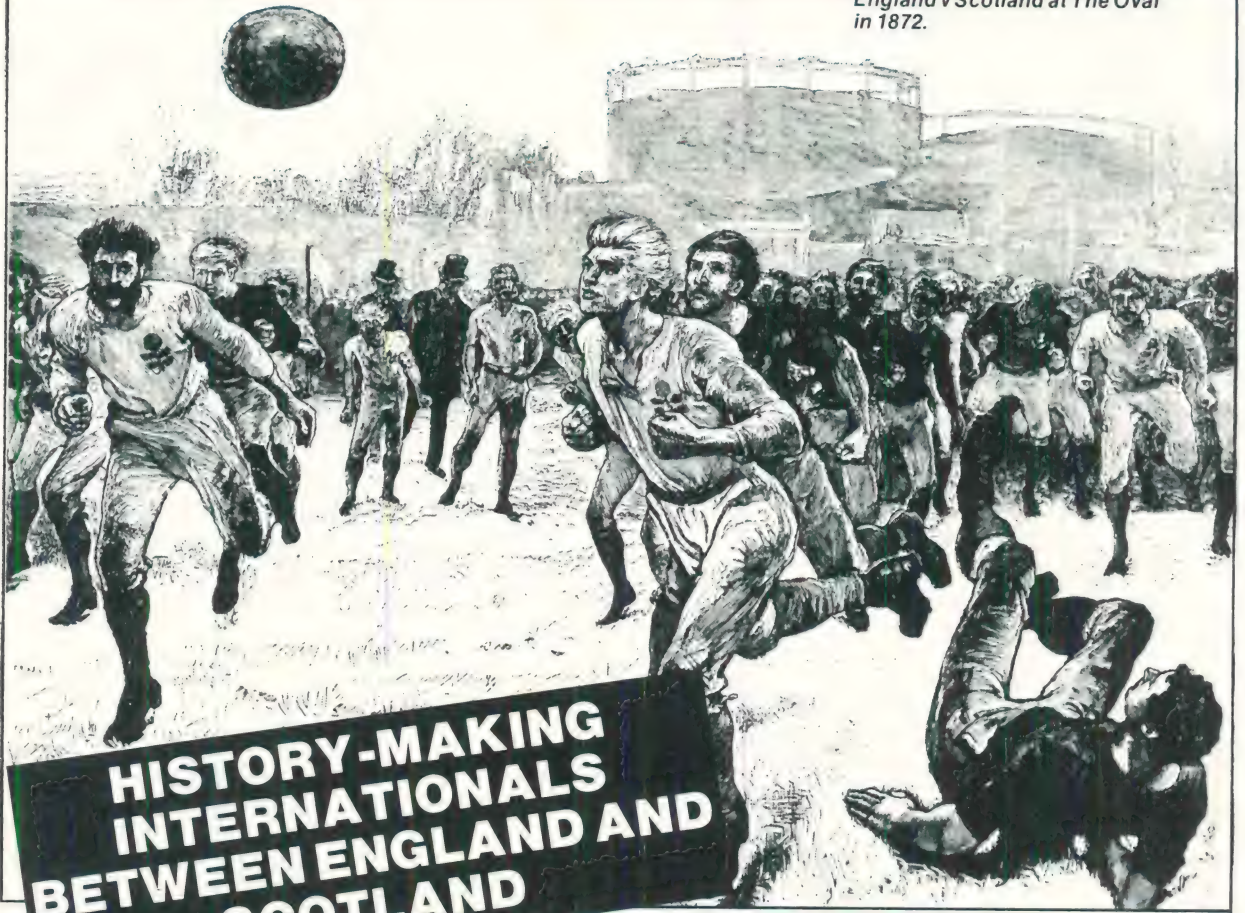
"However, I hope I'm not thought of as greedy. Football is a team game, isn't it? I'm not an individual glory seeker. I would never try for goal when a team-mate is better placed than me. The boss Alex Ferguson wouldn't stand for that!"

No team can look forward to facing Aberdeen these days. Joe Harper is trouble enough, but now they know Stevie Archibald is on the warpath, too.

He knows the problem of being a goalkeeper . . . and how to provide those problems for a goalkeeper!



England v Scotland at The Oval  
in 1872.



# THE OLD

**T**he first ever "official" international football match was played in 1872. The contestants were—yes, you've guessed right—Scotland and England. It was the Scots who issued the challenge to the English F.A., although in actual fact it was the committee and players of Queen's Park, then the outstanding club in Scotland, who took charge of all the arrangements. Eventually, after considerable chit-chat and some reticence on the part of the English F.A., the history-making first ever international took place on November 30, 1872 on the West of Scotland CRICKET Ground at Partick.

It is interesting to look back on that game. Scotland's players, all amateurs of course, were chosen from only three clubs—six of them from Queen's Park, while England's "gentlemen" were selected from nine clubs, which included Oxford University and the 1st Surrey Rifles. The crowd was unofficially estimated at over 3,000 and the receipts amounted to £109! As for the match itself? Well, the Scots provided most of the team-work but when the "umpires" declared the match at an end, neither side had scored.

So that was the start of what has become the most important international fixture in the annual British Soccer calendar. Less than four months later the best eleven players in

both countries met again, this time at Kennington Oval in South London. England, with a very much changed side, beat the Scots 4-2, watched by an enthusiastic crowd of around 3,000 who twice broke through the rope barriers and caused play to be held up while the pitch was cleared. Incidentally, receipts for the match reached little more than £100, from which expenses had to be paid—including 12s.6d for the ball and 17s. 6d. for the police! (Shades of modern prices!)

From then on, usually during March or early April, the Scots and the English continued their annual Soccer battle, but following that Oval victory in 1873 it was another six years before the men in white jerseys recorded another win, this time 5-4 at the Oval. Then came another disastrous spell of eight seasons without an English victory. But during that period, in 1884, England changed their line-up. Before that date team formation was goalkeeper, two full-backs, two half-backs and SIX forwards. Then came the change to three half-backs and five forwards. It saw the end of Scotland's

supremacy in the annual battle and in 1888 the Englishmen achieved a remarkable 5-0 victory at Hampden Park, their first triumph on Scottish soil just 16 years after their first ever visit over the Border.

It is impossible to relate all the wonderful stories of England and Scotland encounters since those early days but let us look back at a few of the most outstanding games in the "match of the season" so far as the International Championship is concerned. In 1895 England took the Championship title with a glorious victory over the Scots at Goodison Park. It was the day when England produced one of the greatest goal-scorers of all time, the immortal Steve Bloomer, of Derby County. The incredible little man with magic in feet and head celebrated his international debut with a brilliant goal that set England on the road to a 3-0 triumph. He played 10 times against the Scots and scored 8 goals.

That Scottish defeat, completing a run of six games against England without a victory, caused changes in the outlook of the Scots selectors,



They reached the decision to enlist the services of some of the many top Scottish players who had migrated to English clubs. So in the next year's team we find four Scots-born players from South of the Border. The introduction of this quartette put Scotland back on the winning trail. Today, of course, most Scottish teams include more Anglo Scots than home based players. But back to those outstanding matches . . . one with tragic memories.

It happened at Ibrox Park, Glasgow on April 5th, 1902. It was the first time that all 22 players were professionals. But that historic fact has since been forgotten for that Ibrox International will always be remembered for the tragic disaster that occurred soon after the kick-off. A fanatical Scottish crowd of more than 100,000 packed into the stadium with accommodation for only about 80,000. Ten minutes after play began part of the new West stand collapsed. Spectators and debris crashed forward on to those standing in front of the stand. Amid the pandemonium the referee ordered the players to leave the field while rescuers raced to the assistance of the injured. Eighteen minutes later the players returned to the field but there was little interest left in the remainder of the game that resulted in a 1-1 draw. Not until the final whistle was it known that 26 spectators had been killed and more than 500 injured, the worst tragedy ever to take place on a British football ground.

Five weeks later the game was

replayed at Villa Park, Birmingham and the £1,000 gate receipts were handed over to the relief fund for the Ibrox victims. The result was a 2-2 draw.

The first official International Championship clash between the old rivals following the 1914-18 War, at Hillsborough, Sheffield, in April 1920, provided the fans with a feast of thrilling football. At half time with the pitch now a quagmire following days of rain, England were trailing 2-4. It looked odds-on a Scottish victory but during the final 20 minutes the gallant Englishmen rattled in three goals, two of them from Burnley's elegant left-winger Bob Kelly, to achieve a remarkable 5-4 triumph.

But England were made to pay for that victory. During the next nine years the Scots ruled supreme, or nearly so, for they won six times with two draws, and just one solitary England victory. That was in 1927, their first triumph at Hampden Park, thanks to a "double" from Dixie Dean, then the young Everton centre-forward, playing in only his second international. A year later the Scots gained swift revenge—and what a revenge. Before a crowd of 80,000 at Wembley, with heavy rain driving across the Stadium throughout the entire game, the men in blue shattered an experienced England eleven by 5 goals to one. "The Wembley Wizards", as the Press dubbed the Scottish team, six of whom stood less than 5ft. 6in., including four of the forwards—Newcastle's Hughie Gallacher, Alex James (Preston and later Arsenal),

Jimmy Dunn (Hibs and later Everton), and Rangers' wing-ace Alan Morton—gave a superb exhibition of attacking football, running rings round the England defenders in the Wembley mud. The Scots that day were "Wembley Wizards indeed!"

Two years later the Scots returned to Wembley, but this time it was England who received the cheers. The Scots had six Rangers' stars in their side and only two Anglo-Scots (as against eight in the 1927 side) while England had retained only two of the previous eleven—Roy Goodall (Huddersfield Town) and Joe Bradford (Birmingham). The result was a magnificent 5-2 victory for England, led by Arsenal's first £100,000 capture, David Jack. It was a glorious revenge for the men in white shirts.

From then until 1939 there was little to choose between the two old rivals but in the last official international before war brought the long series to a halt, England pulled off a sensational victory at Hampden Park. With only three minutes remaining the score was 1-1 and the Scots needed only one point to take the International Championship. But Stanley Matthews suddenly produced one of his magical moments. With all his marvellous control he swept past the Scottish defenders, swung across a pin-point centre and there was Tommy Lawton to head a delightful winning goal.

What a pity it was for England that the outbreak of war brought an end to the annual Championship games with the Scots. During the war years the

# ENEMIES



*H.R.H. the Duke of York meets the Scotland team at Wembley in 1928.*

two countries met 16 times in unofficial games and brilliant England sides were almost invincible, winning 11 times to Scotland's 3 with two drawn. Those magnificent teams included such stars as Frank Swift, Joe Mercer, Stanley Matthews, Raich Carter, the brothers Leslie and Denis Compton, Tommy Lawton and Stan Cullis. Incidentally, Matt Busby was a member of several of the Scottish sides during that period. During those wartime games Tommy Lawton scored 20 goals. Unfortunately, by the time official international resumed in 1947, most of those great England stars were nearing the end of their careers. But in that 1947 first post-war match at Wembley, a new name appeared on the England team sheet—Billy Wright. The fairhaired Wolves' half-back not only became England's captain but wore the white shirt in 105 internationals before he hung up his boots in 1959.

Between 1950 England won 7 and drew 3 of the 11 games series. One of those triumphs, at Wembley in 1955, Scotland, including Tommy Docherty, then with Preston North



Steve Coppell (right) celebrates his winning goal for England at Hampden Park in 1978.



End, was annihilated 7-2. Stanley Matthews, 40 years "young", ran rings round the Scots and Dennis Wilshaw (Wolves) making his one and only appearance against the Scots, became the first player to score 4 goals in a Wembley international. Nat Lofthouse (Bolton) 2 and Don Revie (Manchester City) hit the other goal. By the way, "Doc" notched one for Scotland.

In 1961 all Wembley goals records were shattered when England gained a fantastic 9-3 triumph under the captaincy of Jimmy Armfield. England were three up at half-time but although the Scots scored three times in the second half, one of them from Dave Mackay, there was no stopping the rampant white shirts. Jimmy Greaves, then with Chelsea, at his mercurial best, grabbed a hat trick, Johnny Haynes, the director-general of the attack, and Bobby Smith (Spurs) each snapped up a couple, with Bobby Robson, then with West Brom, and Bryan Douglas, brilliant on the right wing, collecting the other two goals. England could have beaten anyone that record-making day.

Strangely enough, it was five years before England again beat the Scots. That was in 1966, when they triumphed 4-3 at Hampden Park. England's scorers were Roger Hunt 2, Geoff Hurst and Bobby Charlton. A few months later nine members of that magnificent England side were heroes of the World Cup winning side at Wembley. That win over the Scots was a stepping stone to glory.

Twelve months later the Scots gained ample revenge by beating England 3-2 at Wembley and snatching the International Championship. One of the most exciting post-war games between the old rivals saw the Charlton

brothers Jack and Bobby appearing together for the third time against the Scots with eight of their World Cup winning colleagues. Jimmy Greaves replaced the injured Roger Hunt. But the result might have been very different, or at least it could have been. Soon after the start Jack Charlton, the towering pinnacle of England's defence, was injured. However, despite the handicap of a broken big toe, he refused to leave the fray and continued to the end on the left wing, brother Bobby dropping back into defence. Jack even scored one of England's two goals, but his dominating presence in defence was sadly missed and the Scots scored three times and worthily deserved their victory.

Perhaps the match that will always bring gloomy remorse to Scottish players and spectators alike happened in February 1973 at Hampden Park. It was a much publicised game to mark the Centenary of the Scottish F.A. Incidentally, it was also Bobby Moore's 100th appearance for England. Alas for the Scots, it was the men from South of the Border who took all the honours in a sensational game. After 15 minutes England were three-up from goals by Mike Channon (2) and Allan Clarke. The Scots were outplayed by a lively England eleven, and before the end Martin Chivers and Allan Clarke added further goals to complete a 5-nil triumph.

Three months later the Scots travelled to Wembley for the annual British Championship match with a vastly changed line-up. Thirsting for revenge, Billy Bremner's team could not have given a greater display of all-out enthusiasm but it was not their day. England won by a solitary goal scored by Martin Peters.

The Scots managed to regain some

of their confidence in 1974 when they cheered their Hampden fans with a 2-0 victory. The following year, however, they suffered another shattering defeat at Wembley when the Englishmen took advantage of a surprisingly weak Scottish defence to win 5-1.

Yet only twelve months later that crushing defeat was forgotten when the Scots won a sensational game 2-1 at Hampden. It was a game that Ray Clemence will never forget. Soon after the interval, with nothing to choose between the two sides, the Scots attacked. Joe Jordan raced through on the left, and switched the ball to Kenny Dalglish. About ten yards from goal, Kenny took a shot with little power behind it.

Ray somehow missed the ball that trickled through his open legs and rolled half-heartedly into the net. Poor "Clem"—what a way to lose an international! By the way, a similar misfortune happened to Scotland's Bobby Clark in the match against England at Hampden in 1972. Alan Ball scored the winning goal for England with a half-sliced shot from six yards out that went between Bobby's legs and over the line.

In 1977, the Scots won 2-1 in a memorable Wembley victory, with goals from Gordon McQueen and Kenny Dalglish. England's goal came from a penalty converted by Mike Channon.

Scots fans marred the occasion by wrecking the goals and cutting up the pitch for souvenirs.

England's revenge came in a 1-0 win—the goal from Steve Coppell—in the following year at Hampden, before Scotland's departure for the 1978 world Cup Finals in Argentina.



# Morton's unsung hero — DAVID HAYES

**I**N every team there is the unsung hero, the player upon which the team revolves. He's the player who does his job without the addition of frills. He plays it safe, controls his area and very rarely hits the headlines.

Morton skipper Davie Hayes has been with the Greenock club ever since he was 15 and was appointed skipper three years ago. Hayes, a resolute, determined right-back, is quite content to let the other players grab the lime-light.

He is more interested in results. He is the type of player who sacrifices himself for the good of the team. Individual glory means little to him.

Hayes is a player any manager would be happy to have in his line-up, but he sees soccer as a simple game.

"You've got to give your all," says Hayes. "Even when I played at school I tried as hard as I possibly could. Look at it reasonably. I'm no soccer wizard.

"I haven't been blessed with the skills of some of the really talented players. Take Andy Ritchie, for a start. What a player. What an individual. He's a big lad, but he can turn defences inside out with his delicate skills.

"He does things I wouldn't even start to attempt. At the same time,

though, I don't think he could do my job at right-back. I go out to win every game. Basically I'm a defensive player. That's my first duty, but I like nothing better than to get up that wing and hammer over some dangerous crosses. That, too, is an important part of my game, but I would never neglect my defensive duties.

"I've been called a hard player, but I'm not too sure if that's a compliment or an insult. What does it really mean? If it means I won't pull out of a tackle, then I'll readily accept that. I wouldn't be much use to our rearguard if I jumped out of tackles, would I? The boss, Benny Rooney, wouldn't stand for that.

"But if it means just being a hard case, someone who tries to intimidate other players, then you can forget it. That's not part of my game. Just look at my 'criminal' record. It's hardly awesome."

One thing Hayes has been working on over recent years has been his shooting ability. He says: "I don't reckon I score enough goals. I'm going to have to try to be a bit more adventurous in my shooting.

"I scored a goal against Airdrie three seasons ago that clinched promotion to the Premier League, but, to be honest, I didn't hit my shot properly. It dropped at my feet about 18 yards out at the angle of the box and I tried to blast it.

"I didn't connect properly, but I did enough to send it away from the diving 'keeper into the net. A newspaper friend of mine managed to get

me a picture of that goal and that is one memento I'll never lose."

If Hayes admits that goal was a fluke there was an occasion several years ago when he scored a goal that the Press said was lucky . . . but he had practised the move countless times in training!

"I remember that goal well," says Hayes. "It came against Kilmarnock at Rugby Park. I raced up the right wing, got to the bye line and looked up. There didn't appear to be anyone in a great position to have a go at goal so I took aim and fired one in myself.

"It zipped past goalkeeper Jim Stewart and in at the far post. I was delighted, but the following day when I bought the Sunday newspapers everyone was calling it a mishit shot. How unfair can you get!"

Hayes got the headlines that day, but for the wrong reason. The man who is known as "The Mighty Atom" to his team mates should be used to such things by now . . .







**ABOVE...** Throw-in to team attacking in the direction indicated.



# SOCCER SIGNALS

**World Cup referee Clive Thomas takes you through the signs used by referees and linesmen.**

**T**he linesman raises his flag and waves it vigorously, the referee either accepts the signal and blows his whistle or plays on and acknowledges the signal with a firm wave of the hand. The crowd become more noisy than usual—a player shouts at the referee or linesman—a caution may or may not be issued. All because a linesman has signalled advice to his referee and a proportion of the crowd do not understand the reason why it has been ignored.

Communication between referee and his colleague on the line is a basic requirement of control. Maybe it would be helpful if the supporter knew a little more regarding this communication. Recently the International Football Association Board introduced an official system of signals which basically were the elementary signals for indicating "off-side, goal-kicks, corner-kicks and throw-ins".

Many football followers think that a referee should give a visual demonstration indicating the reason for the award of a free-kick. The International Board, the controlling body for the Laws of the game and their application, states that "it is not the duty of the referee nor is it a useful

function to explain his decision to the players or spectators, any attempt to do so could lead to confusion, uncertainty and delay". This statement is the official view regarding demonstration of awards but there are referees, managers and players who do not agree with this restriction.

## In Charge

There are occasions when spectators verbally abuse a linesman because he has not raised his flag for an apparent infringement of the laws which has occurred very close to him. It is not the linesman's duty to signal "foul play" to his referee unless he decides that his referee has not seen the offence. The referee is the man in charge and on occasions having seen an infringement, he may decide to play "advantage", in which case a flag signal from his linesman could cause confusion.

One must always remember the linesman is there to assist the referee and there must be times in a match when he and linesman might well not agree, as in my case in a match last season between Chelsea and Aston Villa at Stamford Bridge. The



**BELOW...** Yellow card displayed for a caution.





*Play-on.*

linesman felt that an Aston Villa player was offside and flagged accordingly. As I was in a very good position I could not agree and waved "play on". The player scored.

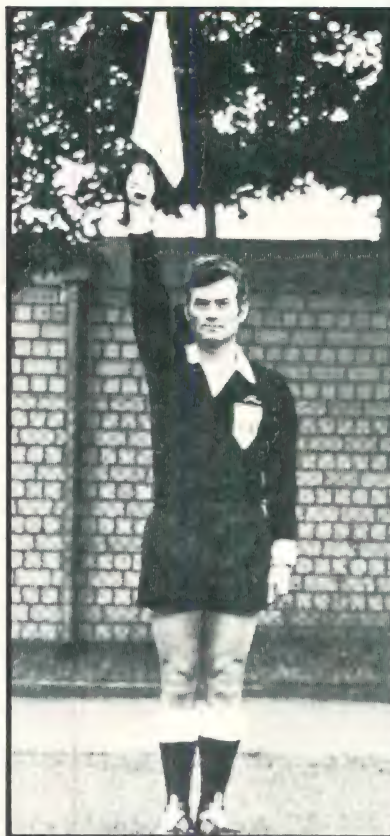
Everybody thought I should then go over to consult my linesman. I did not because he would certainly have not changed my mind.

There are of course many incidents where the referee wishes to have his linesman's opinion without any verbal communication. Perhaps the best example of this type of situation is when a foul occurs in the vicinity of the penalty area, committed by a defender. The referee may be well aware of the foul, but his linesman may be better placed to assess whether it occurred in or outside of the penalty area. If the linesman considers the infringement took place in the penalty area—he should advise his referee by placing his flag across his chest.

A linesman will indicate that the end of the match is approaching by placing two or three fingers on his shorts indicating to his referee that there are two or three minutes left for play. The linesman would indicate that time had expired by placing his hand across his chest.

At the taking of free-kicks near to goal, the referee may "wave" his linesman to the goal-line to watch for a possible goal, whilst he, the referee, would assess "off-side" situations.

The aim of every referee and linesmen team is to ensure that as far as possible every situation is viewed by three pairs of eyes, and to achieve this objective, a clear but simple system of visual signals is very helpful. It is of course of paramount importance for the officials to give the correct decision, but it is also necessary to give that decision quickly!



*ABOVE... Offside.*

*BELOW... Offside in a central position.*



*ABOVE... Offside in a near-side position.*

*BELOW... Indirect free-kick.*





# Laughs that hurt



'Nothing the latest super-glue won't fix'



'Your replacement is doing marvels'

'Well, he said, he needs to be charged-up for a game'



'Up a bit'



'Your dazzling ball-play is supposed to tie the opposition up in knots'





# PARTICK'S 'MR. VERSATILE'



THE young lad gazed out across Parkhead, shook his head and said: "I wish I could be a professional footballer. I suppose thousands of boys say that, but it really would be a dream come true."

That youngster was Bobby Houston, who didn't take his skills to Parkhead and his boyhood idols Celtic, but instead across Glasgow to Firhill and Partick Thistle.

Houston, who almost joined Leeds United two seasons ago for £70,000 when Jock Stein spent his 44 days at Elland Road, is now known as Mr. Versatile in Scottish soccer.

There were occasions when Houston was earning an unfair reputation as one of the game's bad boys. "Yes unfortunately it's true," says Houston. "I was sickened at the time, I can tell you."

"I was ordered off three times, twice against Celtic, believe it or not, and once against Morton. I could hardly take it all in. I was being branded as a troublemaker, but my main trouble was not keeping my tongue still."

"The manager Bertie Auld let me know exactly what he thought about those sendings off. He really tore off a strip. I can hardly describe how I felt about those three orderings off. The first one against Celtic came when I was taking a throw-in."

"I was concentrating on the game when the linesman waved his flag at the referee who told me to go back a couple of yards. I said something to the linesman without really thinking and the next thing I knew I was being sent to the dressing-room."

## I was speechless

"I was sent-off against Morton after a tangle with their skipper Davie Hayes. We both went for a 50-50 ball and there was a crunch. Again I was astonished when the man in the middle gave me my marching orders."

"And completing an unhappy hat-trick I was ordered off a couple of years ago against Celtic after a brush with their skipper Andy Lynch. The referee had already ordered off our own Colin McAdam and Celtic's Tommy Burns that evening and he was really cracking down on the players."

"It was a terrible night, rainy and windy, and obviously there were some untidy scraps. I was involved in one with Lynch and off I went again. I was speechless."

Houston, who has played just about everywhere for Thistle, is a player who puts skill before strength, perception before power. He is a player who prefers the velvet touch to the iron fist. Yet any manager looking at his record would have been forgiven for mistaking him for a hard man.

"Me? A hard man? You must be joking," says the likeable Houston. "I get into trouble with Mr. Auld for not tackling enough! I like to play an offensive game and leave most of the covering up to other players."

If you like your football served up with all the trimmings, then Houston is the player for you. He plays it to win as he raids down the right flank and sends wonderfully accurate crosses into the danger zones.

The young lad with stars in his eyes all those years ago has now seen his dream come true. Other youngsters can watch him glide through a game and hope that they, too, will be able to emulate those feats some time in the future...





**LIAM BRADY**  
**Arsenal**



**KEVIN  
DILLON**  
Birmingham  
City





## THE CONTRASTS BETWEEN A PLAYER SIGNED FOR £50,000 AND ONE BOUGHT FOR TEN TIMES THAT AMOUNT!



### GARY EMMANUEL— 'Disappointed at not making the grade with Birmingham'

**G**ary Emmanuel is a midfield man who doesn't believe in being inactive—which is why he left Birmingham City for Bristol Rovers for a £50,000 fee, and is now a regular member of the squad at the Eastville Stadium.

"I wasn't happy when I was left out of the team at Birmingham," says Gary. "So I had a talk with the manager, Jim Smith, in which I explained how I felt, and he let me go on a month's loan to Bristol Rovers.

"Then half-way through the four-week period, I signed for Rovers, and for a long time I hardly knew whether I was coming or going! There was a lot of travelling involved during the bad weather in January, and this was frustrating as well as time-consuming.

"In spite of all the running around I did, I was soon able to feel thoroughly at home with Rovers. The players are a great bunch, and everybody there is helpful to me.

"Oddly enough, the first three matches I played in were all away from home, and postponed an early acquaintance with the fans, but they certainly did make me welcome eventually.

"In my opening games for Rovers, we met Crystal Palace, Preston and Luton, and of those three, I thought the best



### DAVID MILLS— 'Didn't walk automatically into the West Brom side'

**F**or ex-Middlesbrough star David Mills, the move to Championship-chasing West Bromwich Albion is one to which he is now happily adjusted. But even in these days of mammoth transfer fees, the £500,000 deal in which he was the key figure was an epic event in the career of the Whitby-born forward, and surprised him.

Says David: "I hadn't asked for a transfer, and the first inkling I had concerning a move was when the Middlesbrough manager, John Neal, told me that a fabulous offer had been made for me.

"And what I thought was surprising was the fact that it was a club high in the League, third top at that time, and in the Quarter-Finals of the UEFA Cup, as well as having an interest in the F.A. Cup, that was prepared to pay out that sum of money for me. Usually, it's a club that is struggling in one way or another that is pressured into buying its way out of trouble.

"West Bromwich Albion did what only Liverpool, Nottingham Forest or perhaps Manchester United would do—they spent money to help insure they would stay up at the top, and when the club was playing well. Indeed, the competition for first-team places was so keen at Albion when I arrived there that I didn't walk automatically into the side."

But if the big-money tag attached to Mills didn't guarantee him an immediate place in the team, he was certainly given the V.I.P. treatment on his arrival at The Hawthorns.





**Garry in the Birmingham strip in which he scored on his debut in 1975.**

candidates for promotion were Palace. We beat them, though they played some good football—so did Luton, but the match against Preston was spoiled by bad ground conditions.”

In February, 1975, Emmanuel had the distinction of scoring for Birmingham City in his home debut—and enjoyed the experience.

Says Gary: “I would like to score more goals, and with Rovers, I’ll be doing all I can to help them get back in the big-time.

“Along with my wish to do my best for my new club, I have the personal ambition of wanting to play for my country. Under Mike Smith, Wales have been built up into a very well-knit side, and there is nothing I would enjoy more than to be part of the Welsh squad.

“As to any regrets at leaving Birmingham, I can only say that I was disappointed I didn’t make the grade for them. I had friends there, and for a short time after my transfer had to remind myself that I was no longer at St. Andrews. In the Midlands I appeared in local derbies for Birmingham against West Bromwich Albion, Coventry and Villa, and thoroughly enjoyed them.

“But that was one phase of my career, and I’m still young, so I can anticipate many more happy days here at the Eastville Stadium. In Bristol, there is the rivalry of Bristol City to contend with—as they are in the First Division, we can only attempt to emulate them, and it would be a wonderful achievement for Rovers if we could eventually join them up there.”

Bristol Rovers joined the Football League only in 1920, on the creation of the Third Division (South), and their current spell in Division Two is their second—their other lasted from 1953 to 1962. And in 1956, they almost went up into the First Division, when they were four points short and level with Liverpool in third place. In those seasons of course, only two clubs were promoted.

Now Emmanuel says: “It’s always possible to improve on past performances—and who knows what Bristol Rovers can do in the future?”



**David joined 'Boro from school, and so cost his first club nothing.**

“Before the Third Round F.A. Cup-tie against Coventry, I was introduced to the crowd,” says David. “I spoke a few words over the microphone and got a wonderful reception from the fans—they made me feel very welcome.

“But that is the way I’ve been received at The Hawthorns by everybody, and the atmosphere in the dressing-room is tremendous. It reminds me very much of what it was at Ayresome Park in the days after we were promoted from the Second Division.”

Following the 1973-4 season, when Middlesbrough promised to make their mark in the First Division, David Mills was freely tipped as the man to watch on Teesside. He had cost the club nothing, joining them on leaving school, and played for England at Under-23 level, and the staggering £516,720 paid to Middlesbrough by West Bromwich Albion was a record fee between British clubs—yet this amount does not cause Mills any sleepless nights.

## Happy Days at Ayresome

He says: “I didn’t fix the price, and the money came in very useful to Middlesbrough when they went looking for new players. I had some very happy days at Ayresome, and my chief reason for leaving Teesside had to do with what I might accomplish in the latter part of my career. I have given everything I have in the last 10 seasons, with ‘Boro, and I think I would have always regretted it if I hadn’t made the move to Albion.

“In our opening seasons following promotion, Middlesbrough didn’t succeed in living up to some of the optimistic forecasts made about us, and soon after joining Albion, I felt heartily sick for ‘Boro when they lost their Third Round F.A. Cup replay against Crystal Palace. Similar disappointments had dogged us during my spell at Ayresome.

“Now, with Albion, I’m getting the chance to share in success. As an attacking player, I fit in with the club’s style of play. My career is really taking off.”

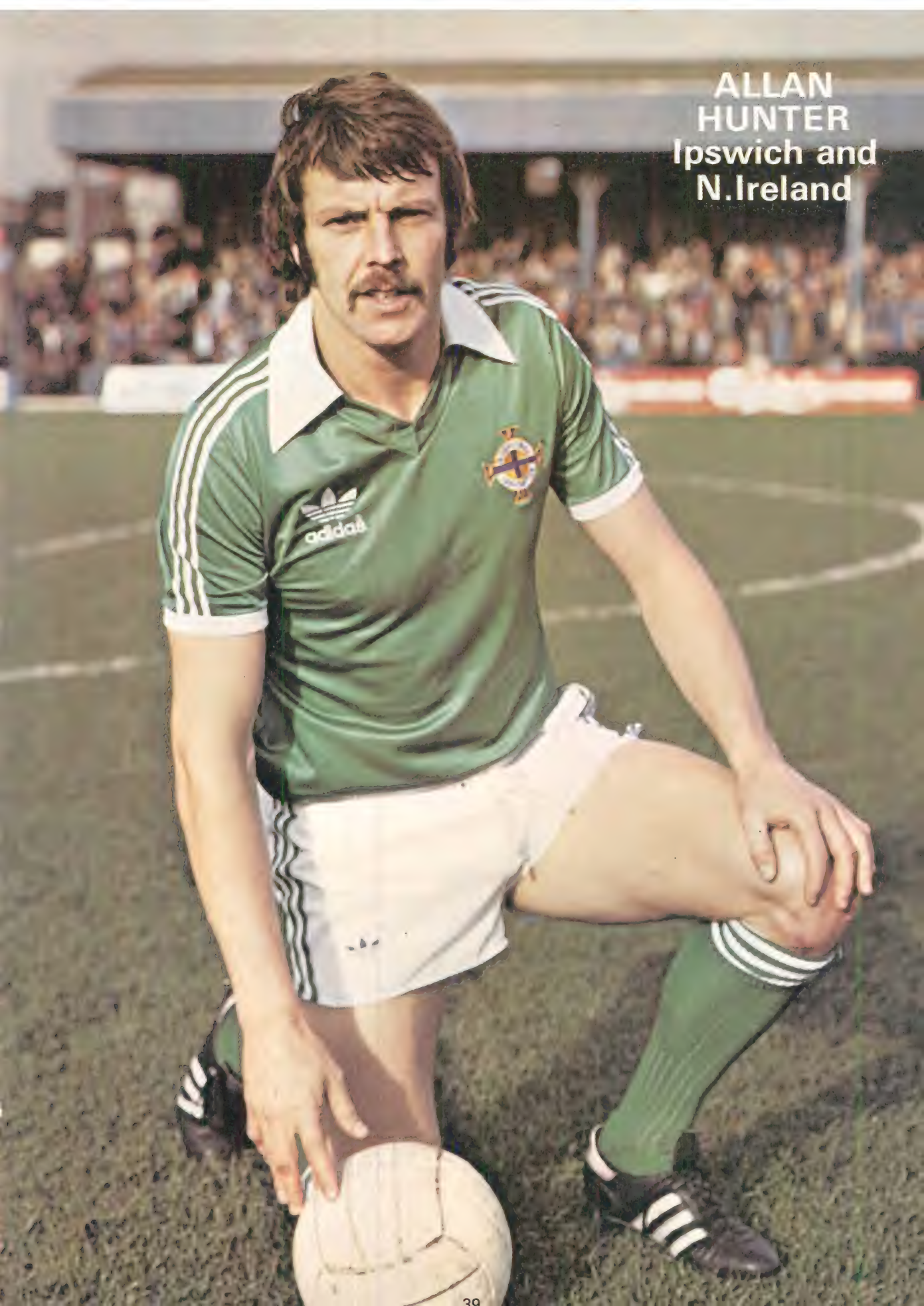




**JOEY JONES**  
**Wrexham and Wales**



**ALLAN  
HUNTER**  
Ipswich and  
N.Ireland







*Sepp Maier, that great character of West German football, gets into the swing of things during the 1978 World Cup Finals.*

# SOCCER WITH



*Match day at the Giants Stadium, home of the Cosmos, and it's entertainment all the way.*





Shirts with a difference - footballers from the People's Republic of China in action.

# A DIFFERENCE!



The skies opened up so fiercely on this Chilean League game between Audax and Ferroviarios that play had to stop. Some players took shelter under an umbrella. Obviously something you need in a rainy season.



BayernMunich's Paul Breitner (right) cools off during a game - but in fact a sprinkler hose had broken!

Television cameraman at the Hilal/Ahli Jeddah game in Saudi Arabia.







**BOBBY  
McDONALD**  
Coventry City



**CYRILLE  
REGIS**  
W.B.A. and  
England  
international





**W**est Brom striker Cyrille Regis smiles a lot. Not just because he's part of one of the League's most exciting teams, or because he scores regularly . . . or even because he's made his mark on the England scene.

Smokin' Joe, as he has been nicknamed, is quite simply a happy guy who enjoys playing football.

Cynics might suggest that the game has become too important, too competitive for players to *enjoy* their job. Regis disagrees.

He says: "I was a bit of a late starter in the professional game, joining Albion from Hayes. Maybe that's helped my attitude. I've sampled soccer down the line and I much prefer playing in Division One.

"Mind you, I've not had to change my style from my non-League days. Okay, I don't charge around aimlessly as I did at first, wanting to be here, there and everywhere. I was too keen to be involved all the time.

"The biggest difference I've found is that I'm marked much more tightly now, but that is only to be expected.

"Luckily, I've always been quick and my build helps me to shrug off the

knocks . . . I've never done weight-training. Perhaps those days on the building sites when I was a teenager built up my muscles.

"I realise I'm still a novice, even though things have gone well. The players I respect are those who have scored consistently in the First Division over the years."

The London clubs must be kicking themselves for allowing this powerful striker to slip from under their noses. He cost Albion a mere £10,000 and his rise in the last couple of years has been amazing.

Regis was born in French Guyana and came to England aged five. Because he held dual nationality, he could have played for either France or England.

"Eventually, I decided it was England for me. I've lived here nearly all of my life and I suppose I feel English."

France's loss has been England's gain and Regis is one of the ever-growing band of black players to emerge in recent years.

Albion, of course, have two other black stars in Brendon Batson and

Laurie Cunningham, but the childish insults that, sadly, are hurled at these players at some away grounds do not upset Regis.

"Nothing puts me off my game, opponents or the crowd. They can try, but they don't succeed."

West Brom and Regis made their mark in Europe last season and Continental defences, too, found him too hot to handle at times. Cyrille is, however, aware of his weaknesses.

"I score a few goals, but I miss too many simple ones. I seem to find it more difficult to score from two yards than from 20 at times!

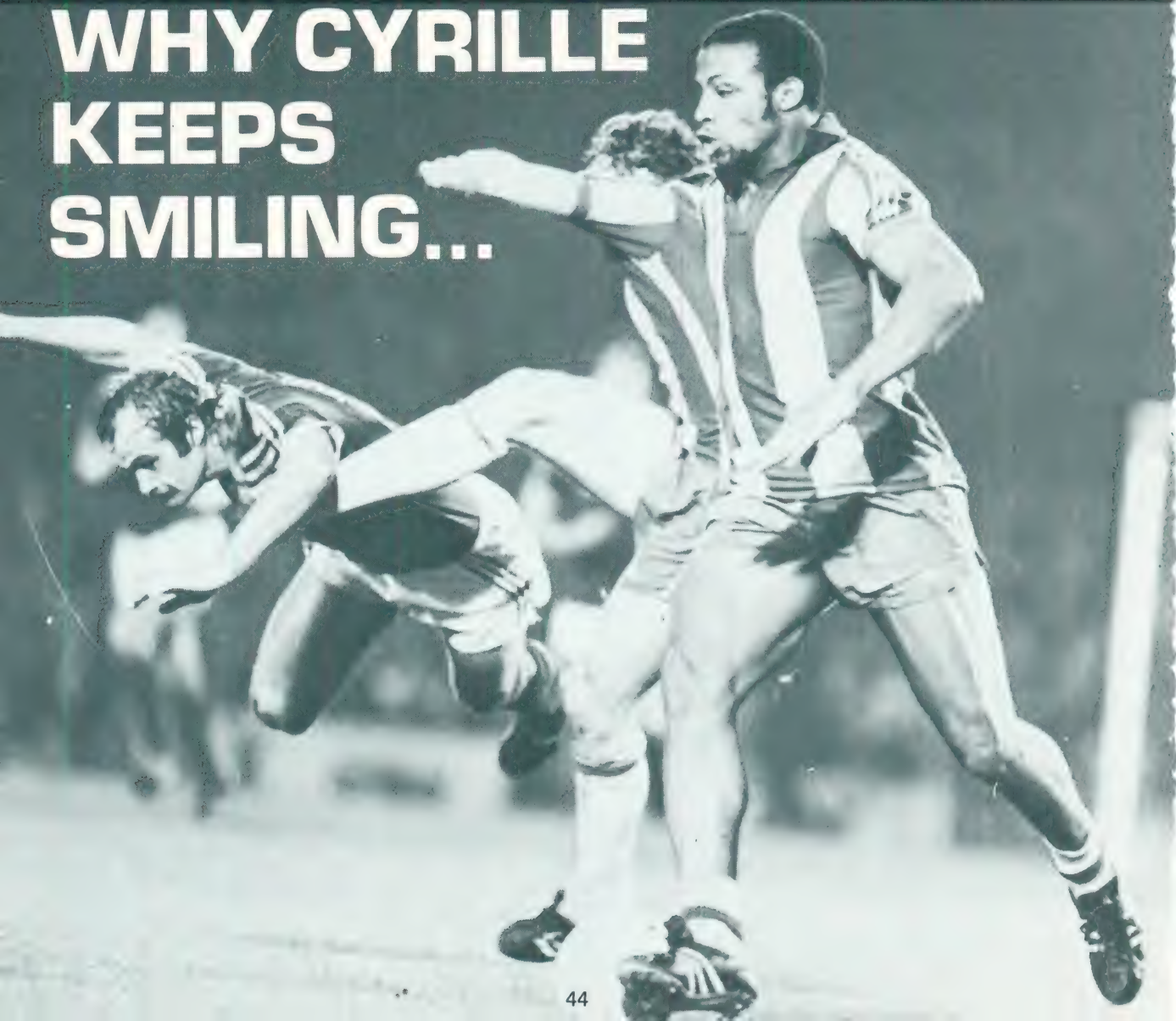
"I also know I must chase back more when we've lost possession."

Even so, Albion fans won't complain as long as Cyrille keeps scoring the "nice ones" as he has been!

"I know that's my main job and if I score I've contributed to the overall team effort. Our style makes it easier for me, playing with the likes of Ally Brown, David Mills, Laurie—and behind us we have Tony Brown who's always scoring."

Seems like Regis is going to be smiling for a long time yet . . .

# WHY CYRILLE KEEPS SMILING...





# 'GOALS I'LL NEVER FORGET'

**G**OALSCORING is an art I have indulged in with a fair amount of consistency. I've scored goals with my head, my right foot and my left foot and various parts of my anatomy in goalmouth scrambles.

Hitting that net is a great thrill, a tremendous joy. I remember reading when I was still at school all about that great Scot Denis Law. He was quoted as saying: "When I score a goal I go into a wee world of my own. Honestly, there may be thousands of cheering fans all over the place, but I don't hear them. I'm entirely on my own for a short spell."

That may sound quite incredible to a lot of readers, but I can assure them that it can happen. I'm often asked which goal is my favourite. I suppose my most regular answer is: "The next one!"

But let's take a look at some of the goals that take the pride of place in my own personal Hall of Fame. I know I'll never forget the one I notched against Celtic in the 1970 League Cup Final when I was only 16.

People keep telling me that this was my first goal for Rangers in my

debut game, but I'm afraid they are wrong on both counts. I had played for the top team earlier in the season and scored a hat-trick in a League Cup tie against Cowdenbeath at Ibrox.

However, there can be little doubt that the goal against Celtic catapulted me into the headlines. How did it come about? I remember Willie Johnston drifting across from the left to the right when a pass was struck to him.

I was about 30 yards out when Willie received the ball. I just kept going into the Celtic penalty area and hoped that Willie would see me. Billy McNeill was just slightly in front of me and Jim Craig was coming in behind.

Johnson looked up and swung over an immaculate cross. I got up above both McNeill and Craig, flicked my head forward, made impact and the ball flashed past goalkeeper Evan Williams

into the net.

Actually, I'll tell you a little secret. I didn't see the ball going in. I was turning away at the time, but when I heard that incredible roar going up I knew it was a goal alright!

Hampden, in fact, is a happy hunting ground for yours truly. I've scored a few goals there in the past and hope to continue in the future.

In another game against Celtic in a Scottish Cup Final we were losing 1-0 to a Bobby Lennox goal when there was only one minute left for play. A long ball from our defence bounced into the Celtic half of the field and it looked a hopeless task as I chased after it.

I don't believe in giving up easily. Connelly—now out of football, alas—hesitated as his keeper came out and I got there just in time to head it over Williams into the net and we lived to fight another day. Unfortunately, we lost the replay 2-1.

I enjoy Cup Finals and I've been involved in my fair share. In the space of three years I knew the glory of victory, the sadness of defeat and then the glory again in successive Scottish Cup Finals.

I scored a goal with a header in the opening minute of our 3-1 triumph over Hearts five seasons ago, and just a year later I was penalised for handling the ball on the line against Celtic. I still say I never handled that ball, but there's no point in crying over spilled milk. Celtic got their penalty and Andy Lynch scored the only goal of the game.

Then came our 2-1 win over Aberdeen and I got what proved to be the winning goal with another header. In my next two games at Hampden I scored with another two headers—against Northern Ireland and Wales while I was on international duty.

Don't think I just get goals with my head, though, although I admit I must score a fair percentage with efforts from my napper. I remember a goal against Motherwell a couple of years ago at Ibrox which I hit with my right foot and it hurtled into the net from 25 yards.

And in a game against Hearts at Tynecastle I scored with a volley from 18 yards and I'll always remember that effort, too.

Have goals, will travel . . . that's my motto!

**DEREK  
JOHNSTONE**



*Derek demonstrates his superb heading ability against Dundee United.*

*Derek Johnstone*





Aston Villa marksman Brian Little advances towards Q.P.R.'s defender John Hollins.



**STEVE  
WILLIAMS**  
Southampton





**D**on Revie once called him the player money couldn't buy. During his career, he's filled just about every role for Leeds United, doing such a good job that even now, in the twilight of his career, it's difficult to say which is his best position.

During the Seventies we have admired the "all purpose" players of Holland and West Germany, but in Paul Madeley, Leeds United have had one for almost 16 years.

Yes, it was that long ago that Madeley, then aged 20, made his League debut—in January, 1964.

Since then, he's gone on to play over 500 more League games, rarely having a bad one. Even though the Leeds of the Don Revie era is now history, Madeley remains at Elland



# PAUL MADELEY— The 'Dutchman' of Leeds

Road as the father-figure in Jimmy Adamson's side.

The problem with being a "utility" player is that you don't always have the opportunity to establish yourself in any particular position, yet since Paul became a regular around 12 years ago, he has hardly missed a game, even though he still hasn't any set role.

Madeley, the professional that he is, says he has been happy "just to play", although if pressed he'll admit he has never really liked playing centre-half.

Even though the day when he has to hang up his boots can't be *that* far away, he says: "While I've looked ahead and planned for the future, not playing for Leeds is still unthinkable. It's been my life since I joined them in the summer of 1962."

Madeley has an interest in a chain of do-it-yourself shops, which indicates he doesn't see himself as a coach or a manager.

"I've always been too involved in my own game to be a leader. Mind you, we had Billy Bremner as captain and he was a real inspiration."

If Madeley has given the impression of not enjoying soccer, because he shows little emotion, you couldn't be further from the truth.

"When I was much younger I lost my temper with an opponent and tried to get my own back. This was fatal; I lost concentration and was given the run-around.

"I've never let it happen to me again. This is something that comes with experience."

It is Madeley's experience that has allowed him to survive at the highest level into his 30's. Perhaps he's never been the fastest of players, yet as he says: "I can now see situations before they happen. I don't have to tear around.

"I can beat an opponent to the ball through having read the game."

Paul was involved in all the Leeds glory days of the Seventies and his 24 England caps are a poor return for his consistency over the years.

Madeley missed many games through injury and eventually "opted out" because he didn't like being away from home so often.

He says, though, he has "no regrets" and rightly points out that while he has a few too many losers' medals . . . he also has his share of winners' trophies: more than most players.

Of the future—"Jimmy Adamson is doing a good job. He's made us more competitive, yet we still have enough flair to entertain. With players like Tony Currie and Arthur Graham in the team, Leeds will always provide the unexpected.

"We've been through a transitional period, which was only to be expected. You can't replace the likes of Bremner, Giles, Hunter and Clarke overnight.

"Yet in that time we were always somewhere near the top. The Seventies were good for Leeds United and I think the Eighties will be just as successful."





# The Work Behind Albion is paying off—in style

On Saturday January 13th, 1979, exactly a year after Ron Atkinson had taken over as manager, West Bromwich Albion drew 1-1 at Norwich City and went to the top of the First Division for the first time in 25 years.

A couple of days later, Tony Brown scored two goals in their Third Round F.A. Cup-tie against Coventry City at The Hawthorns to take West Brom's goals total to 100 in Ron Atkinson's 12-month reign. Then Ally Brown added another two to give them a rousing victory and stretch their unbeaten run to 19 matches—a new club record.

Not bad anniversary presents for big Ron, still celebrating capturing David Mills from Middlesbrough for £500,000.

Eyebrows were raised in certain quarters at the price paid for a striker who wasn't even guaranteed a first team place at Albion.

"He was worth it," said Atkinson at the time. "In my second year at Albion I hope for natural progression. I want this club to develop, not to be one-season wonders. That's why I was prepared to pay half-a-million for David Mills."

Fittingly in their centenary year, W.B.A.—the Work Behind Albion,



**MAIN PICTURE...** Albion boss Ron Atkinson and Laurie Cunningham in training.  
**LEFT, TOP...** Villa v W.B.A. in the 1887 F.A. Cup Final.  
**LEFT, BELOW...** West Brom, 1892 F.A. Cup winners.



began in 1971 by Don Howe, and then carried on by Johnny Giles in 1975, was beginning to pay off at last.

Ron Atkinson, one of the modern breed of young enterprising bosses, had brought renewed hope to a club that had already earned comparative respectability in their 100 year history.

The club began in September, 1879, when a group of factory workers from George Salter Spring Works in the town formed themselves into a football team called the Strollers.

By 1885 they were renamed Albion and had turned professional. Their home ground was Stoney Lane, with a capacity of 17,000.

Albion were an up-and-coming club and reached the F.A. Cup Final three times in successive years.

In 1886 they lost to Blackburn Rovers . . . the following year to Aston Villa . . . but in 1888 beat the famous Preston "Invincibles" 2-1.

That same year, Albion were invited to be one of the original 12 members of the newly-formed Football League.

But the F.A. Cup remained Albion's speciality—and they beat Aston Villa 3-0 in the last Final to be held at the Oval in 1892.

It was during this time Albion



**ABOVE . . . "Billy" Richardson scored 200 goals for Albion.**

**BELOW . . . Jimmy Hagan was a disciplinarian manager, who the players didn't like.**



earned the nickname of The Baggies because their extra-long shorts were designed to meet the top of their socks.

Inspiration of The Baggies during those early days was William Isiah Bassett, who went on to serve the club as director and then chairman until his death in 1937.

The club moved from Stoney Lane to a new home in September, 1900 . . . a stadium that was to become famous throughout the soccer world. It was named The Hawthorns.

The Throstles—another of the club's nicknames, so-called because the club's emblem of a throstle (or thrush) on a sprig of hawthorn—drew good crowds.

But success didn't match their following and West Brom suffered relegation in 1901.

With several new players in the side, the Second Division title was won the following year—and a 20-year-old former office boy Fred Everiss was appointed secretary-manager.

He was with the club for over 50 years, during which time West Brom won every major honour available to them.

And even today, that family link still remains at The Hawthorns—as for the past 20 odd years West Brom's secretary has been his son Alan Everiss.

But back in the early 20's troubled times lay ahead for the club. There were board-room quarrels, the team suffered as a consequence and by 1904 were back in the Second Division.

Apart from their problems on the field, West Brom faced bankruptcy and one Guy Fawkes night the stand was destroyed by fire.

Despite these near disasters, young Everiss stuck manfully to his task and took the club back to the First Division in 1911.

When football resumed after World War One, West Brom won the League title with a then record 60 points and record number of goals (104).

Albion's next real success came in 1924-25 when they finished as First Division runners-up to Huddersfield.

Two years later they were relegated again, before bouncing back in history—making style in 1931.

Besides promotion, Albion beat Birmingham City at Wembley to win the F.A. Cup—a unique double.

Stars at The Hawthorns during that era were skipper Tommy Glidden and W.G "Billy" Richardson, who scored 200 goals for the club, including four in five minutes at West Ham in 1931.

For the next 20 years, West Brom sought the consistency that could have established them as one of the country's leading clubs.

In the early 1950's, Vic Buckingham took over from Jack Smith as manager and in 1953-54 almost lead the club to the League and F.A. Cup double.

Albion finished the campaign as runners-up to Wolves in the title race and F.A. Cup winners, defeating Preston 3-2 at Wembley.

Frank Griffin and Ronnie Allen (two, one from the penalty-spot) scored the Cup winning goals.

Vic Buckingham resigned in June,





*Jeff Astle's goal wins the 1968 F.A. Cup for West Brom.*

1959, and was succeeded by Gordon Clark. He only lasted a couple of years at The Hawthorns, before being replaced by Archie Macaulay.

The former Arsenal and Scotland wing-half didn't remain at the club for very long, either; and in April, 1953, Jimmy Hagan arrived.

And what an entrance. With a reputation for toughness and strict discipline, Hagan soon had a revolt on his hands. Players resented "being treated like schoolboys and having to endure old-fashioned training methods."

Led by skipper and England full-back Don Howe, ten of the first team

"We've had enough of this. There's a little matter of the League Championship. It's about time we did something about winning that before worrying about Cups and playing in Europe."

So much for reaching Wembley and appearing in the prestigious European Cup-Winners' Cup and Fairs Cup.

To a certain extent Jim Gaunt was right. Many West Brom fans desperately wanted League success, to watch a side playing well throughout a whole season, instead of half-a-dozen Cup-ties.

Alan Ashman was sacked during the summer of 1971, while he was on holiday. Don Howe returned to his old

club from Highbury, still celebrating his part in Arsenal's fine League and Cup double.

Don Howe was not able to perform instant miracles. In fact, West Brom were relegated in 1972-73, with Crystal Palace.

A few months earlier Howe spent a then club record fee of £135,000 to Glasgow Rangers for Scotland's fiery winger Willie Johnston.

Even with Johnston's skills, and the talent of players such as John Osborne, John Wiles, Ally Robertson, Alistair Brown, Asa Hartford and Len Cantello, Albion never really challenged for promotion. In April, 1975, Howe was sacked.

During the close-season Johnny Giles, for so many years the brains behind Leeds United and the Republic of Ireland, was appointed player-manager.

His experience guided Albion back to the First Division in 1975-76, when they pipped Bolton to third spot in the Second Division.

The following season, Albion at last began to look like serious Championship challengers. Youngsters such as



**LEFT... Don Howe with (from left) Tony Brown, Bobby Hope, John Wile and Graham Lovett in 1971.**

**BELOW... Johnny Giles did a tremendous job in a short time at The Hawthorns.**

asked for transfers.

Eventually some sort of peace was restored. Don Howe was transferred to Arsenal, and in 1965-66 Albion beat West Ham to win the Football League Cup for the first time.

Defeat in the first Wembley Final of the same competition a year later, by a then Third Division Q.P.R., resulted in iron-man Hagan being sacked.

Alan Ashman took over, to lead the club back to Wembley a year later and an F.A. Cup Final appearance against Everton.

A goal by their England centre-forward Jeff Astle during extra-time gave Albion their fifth F.A. Cup victory. It seemed all you had to do was wave a cup in front of Albion and they'd play well, but in the League they were a different proposition.

After defeat by Manchester City in the 1970 League Cup Final—West Brom's fourth major Final in five years—their chairman Jim Gaunt declared:





Derek Statham, Bryan Robson, Tony Godden, John Trewick and Cyrille Regis, a £5,000 snatch from non-League Hayes, began to emerge as potential First Division stars.

Winger Laurie Cunningham was signed from Orient for £110,000 in March, 1977, scoring on his home debut against Ipswich.

Such was the exciting power of Cunningham he became the first black player to be selected for a senior team, when he played for the Under-21's against Scotland.

Then just as West Brom seemed on the threshold of further honours, Johnny Giles delivered a bombshell by announcing his resignation as manager "because he did not wish to pursue a managerial career under present conditions.

"The directors have the power without responsibility. The government should issue a health warning to



**ABOVE...** Former Arsenal and Cambridge defender Brendon Batson.

**BELOW...** Former player and manager Ronnie Allen.

**RIGHT...** Midfield ace Bryan Robson, one of the Albion youngsters.



managers—the only certain thing is the sack!"

So Giles left The Hawthorns to continue his career as player-manager of Eire and to take over as supremo of Shamrock Rovers. And Ronnie Allen returned to his old club after spells in Spain and Portugal.

If Laurie Cunningham made an impact in 1976-77, then 1977-78 saw the emergence of Cyrille Regis.

He was to score 18 goals in all that season. Tony "Bomber" Brown a club record breaking striker, hit 22 as West Brom reached a commendable sixth position in the First Division and the Semi-Finals of the F.A. Cup.

But Ronnie Allen wasn't totally responsible for the club's fine progress that term... he'd resigned in December, 1978, to sign a lucrative contract for a job in Saudi Arabia.

Ron Atkinson took over on January 12th, 1978. Albion paid his



previous club Cambridge United a fair compensation for the loss of a manager who had taken them from bottom of the Fourth Division to a promotion-challenging position in Division Three.

It was money well-spent; so was the £30,000 Atkinson paid out for defender Brendon Batson, who arrived at The Hawthorns from Cambridge a month later.

From that moment on West Brom never looked back, improving with every match until they reached the top of the First Division in January, 1979, for the first time in a quarter of a century.

"Ron Atkinson is a winner," said Batson at the time. "I don't usually make predictions, but with a man like Ron Atkinson in charge you can't help it. He made things happen at Cambridge, he'll do the same at Albion.

"I certainly expect to go on and win many honours with this great club."



**G**oalscoring is what football is all about. It is the lifeblood of the game, and that is why managers are always on the lookout for players who have that special knack of being able to put the ball in the net. To be a really top-class goalscorer the player not only needs to be able to score when the opportunity presents itself but even when there is only half a chance. Scoring from the slenderest of opportunities places an exclusive band of goalscorers far above the average striker.

Who has been the greatest goalscorer in the game's history? Of course opinions vary, just as the style of play has varied from one era to another and made comparisons difficult. The player who was able to get a lot of goals at one stage of the game's evolution might well have found it

more particularly he could outjump the opposition. It has been claimed that he headed more goals than any other player in the history of British first-class football. He was what is now referred to as the old style of powerhouse centre-forward, and once in line for a shot or a header at goal it was almost impossible to stop him by fair means or foul.

From another aspect a remarkable feature of his career, in which he also helped Celtic win the Scottish F.A. Cup four times, was that he only played seven internationals for Scotland, and this may detract from a claim to make him our greatest goalscorer.

It could also be argued that figures aren't everything, and while McGrory's genius as a goalscorer must be acknowledged it has to be admitted

that he had the advantage of playing for one of the most successful teams in a League where possibly less than half the sides were really in the same class. Fervent Scottish supporters may be angered by that statement, but upon reflection many will admit that the top division of the Scottish League has not got the in-depth strength of the First Division of the football League. Jimmy McGrory had the opportunity to show his prowess in English football when Arsenal sought his transfer. Celtic did not want to stand in his way and left the decision to him, but such was his love of Scotland and his loyalty to Celtic he turned down the move.

Jimmy McGrory's rivals for the title of "greatest goalscorer" among players who appeared in the Football League Jimmy McGrory's rivals for the title

# GOALSCORING

difficult during another period. For instance, not long ago we went through a spell of negative football in this country where nearly every side became so defensively-minded that even the most talented strikers found scoring difficult.

If judgement was made on figures alone there is no doubt about the number one goalscorer in the history of British football—the Scottish centre-forward, Jimmy McGrory. During a Scottish League career spanning 16 seasons, from his debut in January 1923 to his final game in October 1937, this player, achieved something unique among the game's most prolific scorers—he averaged more than a goal a game—410 goals in 408 Scottish League games. This is fantastic. All but 30 of those games were with Celtic, while the remainder were with Clydebank in the Second Division where he was placed on loan for season 1923-24. In his best season, 1935-36, when Celtic won the League Championship for the second time in his career, Jimmy McGrory collected 50 goals in 32 League appearances. This total included one thrilling burst of four goals in five minutes in a 5-0 victory over Motherwell.

McGrory's greatest feat of scoring in a single game cheered the Celtic fans on January 14th, 1928, and is still a record for the First Division of the Scottish League. On that occasion Celtic beat bottom-of-the-table Dunfermline Athletic 9-0 and McGrory grabbed eight of those goals. He got three within nine minutes of the start and added a fourth after 20 minutes. Alex Thomson made it 5-0 before the interval and in the second half McGrory got another four.

There was nothing subtle about Jimmy McGrory's methods. He was a powerfully-built player who could hit the ball hard and accurately, but



**King of the Football League scorers... Arthur Rowley.**

of "greatest goalscorer" among players who appeared in the Football League are Arthur Rowley, 434 goals (1946-65), Hughie Gallacher 387 goals (1921-39), William "Dixie" Dean, 379 goals (1923-39), Hugh Ferguson, 361 goals (1916-30), Jimmy Greaves, 357 goals (1957-71), and Steve Bloomer, 352 goals (1892-1914).

Arthur Rowley's total is an all-time record for the Football League. Another big and powerful player, Arthur was also deceptively fast moving and he achieved something that eluded each of the others just mentioned—scoring more than 20 League goals in each of 14 successive seasons. He did, however, amass his total in more games than any of the others, 607 League appearances during a lengthy career with West Bromwich Albion, Fulham, Leicester City and Shrewsbury Town. The reason why we cannot acclaim him as the greatest of all is because only 51 of his goals were scored in the First Division. What is more, he was never capped for England.

Hughie Gallacher is a stronger contender for our title if only because he played 20 times for Scotland. No player ever endured rougher treatment than this dazzling footballer who was only around 5ft 6in tall. He was probably the cleverest ball manipulator of any of the scorers we have mentioned, and as it was virtually impossible to stop him with a fair tackle he was constantly hacked down and his legs were always black and blue. Indeed, it was quite remarkable that this sensational footballer, who also had a quick temper, survived in first-class football as long as he did. Airdrieonians paid Queen of the South £5 for his transfer in 1921-22 and he played right up to the outbreak of World War Two. He went to Newcastle United for £6,500 in 1925, Chelsea for £10,000 in 1930, Derby County for £3,000 in 1934, Notts County—



£2,000 in 1936, Grimsby Town—£1,000 in 1937, and Gateshead £500 in 1938.

Hugh Ferguson is another Scot who is a strong contender for the title of "greatest goalscorer", for he certainly got them at a terrific rate, 363 in 423 League games, which places him above Gallacher on goal average, but no one would claim that he was as great a footballer as his countryman who scored 264 of his goals in the First Division of the Football League compared with only 77 by Ferguson in his four seasons with Cardiff City. Most of this player's goals were scored with Motherwell and Dundee in the Scottish League. One sad coincidence is that both Gallacher and Ferguson committed suicide, Gallacher by jumping in front of the York-Edinburgh express at Dead Man's Crossing, Low Fell, near Gateshead, and Ferguson in the Dundee dressing-room.

Steve Bloomer and Jimmy Greaves were very similar in many ways. Both were inside rather than centre-forwards and although superb athletes neither made their physical presence felt in the same way as bigger men like McGrory and Rowley. Greaves's play and Bloomer's was a lot more subtle and their value lay in popping up with the winning goals. Indeed, Bloomer reserved himself so much for getting the ball into the net that he was some times accused of a poor work rate. However, as he could usually be relied upon to score from even half a chance such criticism was rather unkind. Jimmy Greaves also had this knack of snapping up half chances and was recognised as one of the finest poachers in the game.

Steve Bloomer was a player who would always rise to the occasion and must certainly be acclaimed as one of England's greatest goalscorers with 28 goals in 23 full internationals. One of his finest scoring feats was to score six for Derby County in a 9-0 First Division thrashing of Sheffield Wednesday in January 1899. He also scored five for England against Wales at Cardiff in 1896, although this number has often been disputed and it might well have been only four. Bloomer stands second only to Greaves in one important respect and that is the number of First Division goals he scored. Bloomer's total was 315 while Jimmy Greaves scored all of his 357 goals in the highest company.

First Division football was certainly more competitive in Jimmy Greaves's day than it was when Steve Bloomer was hitting goals for Derby County and Middlesbrough, and his scoring achievements are quite remarkable when considered in this light. He was also scoring regularly during that period mentioned earlier when most sides were so defensively minded that the game was in danger of becoming a deadly bore. He scored when making his Football League debut for Chelsea in 1957; on making his debut for England against Peru, in Lima in 1959; on his debut for Tottenham Hotspur in 1961 and for West Ham United in 1970. He also had a brief spell in Italy with A.C. Milan and scored when making his

debut for them in 1961. During his brilliant career he was the First Division's leading goalscorer no less than six times, including one season when he shared top place. One of his most scintillating performances was when he netted five goals for Chelsea in a 6-2 defeat of Wolves at Stamford Bridge in August 1958. He also scored five for Chelsea at Preston in December 1959, as well as at home to West Bromwich Albion 12 months later. He also scored 44 goals (second only to Bobby Charlton's 49) in 57 appearances for England, so it is difficult not to make this player our greatest goalscorer of all time.

The one player who could snatch the palm from Jimmy Greaves we have left until last—"Dixie" Dean. His 379 goals in 437 League games gives him an

resulted in a 1-1 draw. When he was away playing for England in Everton's next game the Goodison Park club proved they were not entirely dependent on him by beating West Ham 7-0.

Dean then came back to score in each of the next three games and bring his total to 25 goals in 13 First Division games! Remember Dean was still only 20 years of age and this was only his third full season in the First Division. His fame went before him and when the opposition failed to hold him with offside traps (which he beat through sheer speed and intelligence) they put two or three men on to him. So he had a comparatively thin time running into the second half of the season with only four goals in one spell of seven



**Stan Mortensen (left) scores Blackpool's second goal against Bolton in the '53 F.A. Cup Final.**

average of .867 of a goal per game, as against Greaves's average of .691.

"Dixie" Dean made his debut with Tranmere Rovers in 1923-24 when he was only 16 years of age. He was transferred to Everton in March 1925 for nearly £3,000 (the record was then still only £5,500), and in a little over 13 seasons with this club he netted 349 League goals, the highest number ever scored by any player for a single Football League club.

However, what sets Dean apart from any other player we have mentioned is his record of 60 goals in one season of First Division football—1927-28. This is a record never likely to be equalled in any division of the league let alone the First Division. During that astonishing campaign in which, needless to say, Everton won the Championship, Dean's consistency was nothing short of miraculous. He scored in each of the first nine League games of the season before failing to hit the net in the local derby with Liverpool at Goodison Park which

games in which he failed to score five times. However, he got back into the groove with two goals against Derby County at the end of March, and after being absent for the next game (he was playing for England against Scotland) he rounded off this extraordinary season by scoring in each of the last seven games.

What an exciting climax there was to that season. With two games left to play Dean still needed seven goals to beat the League scoring record of 59 goals set up only the previous season by George Cammell of Middlesbrough in the Second Division. Who would expect a player to score seven goals in two First Division games, one away against Burnley and the other at home to Arsenal? Yet Dean obliged by scoring four in a 5-3 victory at Turf Moor and a hat-trick in a 3-3 home draw with Arsenal. With such a performance who would deny this player the title of the "Greatest Goalscorer of all time"?

An astonishing side light on this player's remarkable career is that he fractured his skull in a motor-cycle accident in March 1925, and for a while it was feared that he might not



play again. Yet not only did he return to become a star centre-forward but became acknowledged as the greatest header of goals ever seen. In that record breaking 1927-28 season alone he scored 20 First Division goals with his head. In all first-class matches "Dixie" Dean netted 473 goals in 502 games and it has been claimed that nearly one third of these were headed goals.

Incidentally, having mentioned the fact that arch rivals Liverpool prevented him from scoring at Goodison Park in that thrilling 1927-28 campaign, it should be noted that in the return at Anfield the Everton leader scored a hat-trick in a 3-3 draw. This was one of 37 hat-tricks scored by "Dixie" Dean in his scintillating career. Such is the stuff that makes all-time greats.

## Debuts

It often takes a player time to fit into a new team and it must be quite a nerve-racking experience when any player trots on to the field to make his debut in big-time football. One player who didn't suffer from nerves on his first big occasion, however, was George Hilsdon, a London East-Enders who was playing for West Ham reserves when Chelsea's player-manager, Jackie Robertson, recognised the young centre-forward's potential and took him to Stamford Bridge in 1906.

George Hilsdon got his chance in Chelsea's Second Division side for the first time against Glossop on September 1st, 1906, and the home supporters were given a real treat. Their new centre-forward rattled home five goals in a 9-2 victory and so created a goalscoring record that stands to this day for a player making his Football League debut.

George made such a big impression that day that only six weeks later he led the Football League against the Irish League in Belfast and scored three of his side's goals in a 6-0 victory—a remarkably fast rise from obscurity.

Because of this player's rapid shooting they nicknamed him "Gatling Gun" Hilsdon, after one of the earliest machine guns. Unfortunately he did not stick too seriously to his training for he liked the social life and his goalscoring rate dropped off drastically after three or four seasons.

Among goalscorers the finest England international debut ever made was that of Howard Vaughton, one of the first of many Aston Villa players to be capped. Vaughton, an inside-left, and a member of the Birmingham firm of silversmiths that made the second F.A. Cup, first appeared for England along with another Aston Villa player, Arthur Brown, against Ireland in Belfast, February 18th, 1882. This was the occasion when England enjoyed their record international Championship win by beating the luckless Irish 13-0. Howard Vaughton got five of those goals, while his club mate Arthur Brown, got four. England's other scorers were Jimmy Brown (Blackburn Rovers) 2, Henry Cursham (Notts) and Ernest Bambridge (Swifts).



**Hughie Gallacher of Chelsea jumps high against Arsenal in 1931 when The Blues beat The Gunners 2-1 in the F.A. Cup.**

Coming more up to date the finest debut for England in post-war Internationals was that of the speedy Blackpool centre or inside-forward Stan Mortensen. He scored four when making his debut in a 10-0 victory over Portugal in Lisbon, May 27th 1947. It should be mentioned, however, that Stan had previously played for England in war-time and Victory Internationals. Indeed, he had the unusual experience of making his "international" debut against his own country when he was called on as substitute for Wales against England in war-time game at Wembley in September 1943.

Considering his age, one of the most exciting debuts in first-class football was that made by 17-year-old Ian Lawson in January 1957. Burnley were drawn at home to Third Division Chesterfield in the 3rd Round of the F.A. Cup and manager Alan Brown decided to gamble on introducing young Lawson to the first team. The gamble certainly paid off for Ian scored four goals in a 7-0 victory. Lawson subsequently played for Leeds United, Crystal Palace and Port Vale.

## European Cup

Among British players the record for most goals scored in a European Cup tie belongs to one of those stars who helped put Ipswich Town on the football map in the early 1960s—Ray Crawford.

In 1961-62 Ipswich Town shocked the football world by winning the League Championship in their initial First Division season, thanks largely to the remarkable goalscoring partnership of the determined Crawford and his inside-left partner, Ted Phillips, who between them scored two thirds of the side's goals.

Their first appearance in the European Cup the following season was against the Maltese side, Floriana. Ipswich won 4-1 away with Crawford and Phillips sharing the goals, but in the second leg at Portman Road, September 25th, 1962, Ipswich literally ran rings around the visitors to score 10 goals without reply. Ray Crawford hit five of those goals and is still to date the only British player to score this number in a European Cup game.

Ipswich's other scorers that evening were Ted Phillips 2, Doug Moran 2, and John Elsworthy.

## European Cup-winners Cup

One time bricklayer Peter Osgood created the individual scoring record for a British player in this competition when Chelsea hammered the Luxembourg club, Jeunesse Hautcharage, in the 1st Round of 1970-71.

After Chelsea had won 8-0 in Luxembourg with Osgood scoring three of his side's goals, the 2nd leg was played at Stamford Bridge on September 29th, 1971. This time Chelsea won 13-0 and Osgood got five to equal the individual record of eight for a single round in this competition.

Peter Osgood was reported to have been disappointed at his effort for he had bet Peter Bonetti that he would score six in this leg and so break the competition record.

## UEFA Cup

When Derby County signed Kevin Hector from Bradford in 1967 they paid what was then a club record fee of £40,000 for him. Derby certainly had their money's worth from this player. It was in his 15th season of first-class football (his 11th with Derby) that the veteran



striker proved that he had still not lost his touch by scoring five of his side's goals in a 12-0 rout of the Irish club, Finn Harps, at the Baseball Ground, September 15th, 1976. This was a First Round (1st leg) tie in the UEFA Cup and Derby were nine goals up at the interval with Hector having scored four in 39 minutes.

In the second leg at Finn Park a fortnight later Derby won 4-1 with Kevin Hector getting another two goals.

In four seasons of European competition with Derby Kevin Hector netted a total of 16 goals, easily a European record for the club.

## F.A. Cup

**T**ed MacDougall holds the match record for the highest number of goals in the F.A. Cup. When Bournemouth beat Margate 11-0 in a First Round tie, November 20th, 1971, Ted scored nine (including a penalty), four in the first half and five in the second.

It is worth noting that MacDougall scored a grand total of 47 goals in League and Cup games for Bournemouth in this season. No wonder Manchester United paid £200,000 for his transfer soon after the start of the following season.

At this point we should recall the player whose F.A. Cup scoring record was broken by MacDougall if only because this feat was achieved in most extraordinary circumstances.

The player in question, Wilfred Minter, was one of the most prolific goalscorers in first-class amateur soccer in the period between the two World Wars, and is reckoned to have netted over 500 goals in 10 seasons.

An England amateur international, Wilfred Minter played for the Athenian League club, St. Albans City, and in the fourth Qualifying Round of the F.A. Cup in 1922-23 they met Dulwich Hamlet at St. Albans. The result was a 1-1 draw, but in the replay at Champion Hill things were quite different. This time the Athenian League champions piled on seven goals and it was Wilfred Minter who scored everyone of them. Astonishingly enough, despite this remarkable individual effort, Minter was on the losing side because Dulwich Hamlet scored eight with the games going into extra time.

## Own Goal

**O**ne of the most surprising "own goals" ever scored in the Football League was that netted by Arsenal full-back Dennis Evans in a game against Blackpool at Highbury, December 17th, 1955.

It seemed that the game was running over time when an agitated spectator blew a whistle. Thinking that it was the referee's signal to end the game several players began to walk off and Evans turned and hit the ball into his own net.



**Joe Baker hit ten goals for Hibernian against Peebles Rovers back in 1961.**

Imagine his chagrin when Referee F. B. Coultas pointed to the centre spot, signalling a goal. Fortunately, the goal made no difference for Arsenal won 4-1.

## Individual Match Record

**T**he greatest individual feat of goal-scoring in British first-class football was that of John Petrie who played outside-right for Arbroath in the eighties.

It was on September 5th, 1885, that Arbroath met Bon Accord at Gayfield in the most astonishing game ever played in Britain. It was a First Round tie in the Scottish Cup and Arbroath ran out winners by the almost unbelievable score of 36-0! John Petrie's contribution was 13 goals.

Arbroath's goalkeeper did not touch the ball during this debacle but spent most of the 90 minutes sheltering from the rain under a spectator's umbrella.

It should be added that Bon Accord's goalkeeper on this occasion, Andrew Lornie, was normally a half-back, but in any event he retired from football soon after this humiliating experience.

The outstanding individual scoring feat in the Football League is that of Joe Payne who scored 10 goals for Luton Town against Bristol Rovers on another rainy day—April 13th, 1936. It was an Easter Monday and Luton Town won this Division III(S) game at Kenilworth Road, 12-0. The most remarkable aspect of this unique Football League achievement was that Joe Payne was making his first appearance for Luton Town as a centre-forward in an emergency because the club's regular centre-forwards were injured. Payne had previously played in only three League games and was considered to be a half-back or full-back of nothing more than average ability.

The red-haired Payne certainly proved otherwise by scoring three goals before the interval and another seven in the second half, including three in eight minutes.

Although making only nine appearances that season Payne was Luton's top scorer with 13 goals. The following season he broke both the club and Division III(S) scoring records with a total of 55 goals in 39 appearances. Not suprisingly Luton won promotion to the Second Division.

In March, 1938, Joe Payne was transferred to Chelsea and scored a lot of goals in war-time football before ending his League career with West Ham United in 1946-47.

The only other player to score as many as 10 goals in British first-class football is Joe Baker who first joined Chelsea's ground-staff as a 15-year-old but returned to Scotland because he was homesick. There he eventually made his mark as a centre-forward with Hibernian and it was for this club in a 2nd Round Scottish Cup tie on February 11th, 1961, that he scored 10 goals in a 15-1 thrashing of Peebles Rovers.

The following season Joe Baker was transferred to the Italian club Torino. He subsequently played for Arsenal, Nottingham Forest, Sunderland, Hibernian (2nd spell) and Raith Rovers.

## Goalscoring (teams)

**O**ne of the most devastating bouts of scoring on record was that indulged in by the Everton forward line against Charlton Athletic at The Valley in February 1931.

These were the days of five-man forward lines and the remarkable point about Everton's effort in this Second Division game was that every member of their forward line scored in a spell of only 18 minutes.

Although Everton at this time were not in the First Division they had one



of the finest goalscoring combinations in the country, a fact which they proved by winning the Second Division Championship the following season. In those two seasons they scored a total of 237 goals.

To return to the game at The Valley, Everton surely had a jinx on Charlton this season for they had already beaten them 7-1 at Goodison Park. Even so Charlton looked as if they were going to make a keen game of it during the first quarter-hour, but in the 19th minute the flood gates were opened with a goal by Everton's clever Scottish left-winger, Jimmy Stein. Three minutes later "Dixie" Dean added a second and before the game was 36 minutes old the other members of the forward line, Jimmy Dunn, Ted Critchley and Tom Johnson, scored in that order. Dean netted the sixth goal just before the interval and completed his hat-trick two minutes before the end.

It was reported that only brilliant work by Bill Coggins, making his only appearance in goal for Everton that season (in place of Ted Sagar) prevented Charlton from making the score look more respectable.

Among all the finest away wins ever recorded in Football League history there is none more remarkable than Sunderland's 9-1 victory at Newcastle in a First Division game on December 5th, 1908.

The fact that this was a local derby between two of the keenest rivals in the Football League makes this a game to remember, but the first point to note is that Newcastle United actually won the League Championship this season for the third time in five years. They were obviously a side to be reckoned with and on the face of it one wonders how one of the finest teams in the game's history could be hammered so hard on their own ground.

The explanation is that there were special circumstances and Newcastle did not field their full-strength side against Sunderland. The reason was that a fortnight earlier they had given a poor display in losing 2-0 at home to Aston Villa and it was decided to drop five of their star players for the visit to Nottingham Forest the following Saturday. In that game they also introduced new signing Albert Shepherd at centre-forward, and when they beat the Forest 4-0 it was agreed to persevere with this combination.

Sunderland got an early goal in their astonishing derby game on December 5th, but Shepherd equalised from the penalty spot and with the sides on level terms at the interval there was no sign of the shock to come. Only three minutes after the restart, however, Sunderland regained the lead and so over-ran the home side that they scored eight goals in a 28 minute spell!

Sunderland's 9-1 shock victory at Newcastle that day remained a record away victory for the First Division until Wolverhampton Wanderers won at Cardiff by the same score in September 1955. The shock of this

result, however, was not nearly as great for the Wolves were then one of the most powerful sides in the country while Cardiff had only narrowly escaped relegation a few months earlier. In addition the mighty Wolves had beaten Manchester City 7-2 the previous Saturday.

At Ninian Park Wolves got off to a great start with a goal from Johnny Hancocks in only half a minute. 10 minutes later he added a second and the visitors were four goals up in 20 minutes and leading 5-0 at the interval with Hancocks having completed his hat-trick. Centre-forward, Ray Swinbourne went on to complete his hat-trick before the game was over. Wolves other scorers were Sherwood o.g. and Broadbent. Stockin got Cardiff's goal in the last minute.

The biggest away win in the Football League history is Sheffield United's 10-0 win in a Second Division game against Burslem Port Vale, December 10th, 1892. This was the first season of Second Division football and Sheffield United were due to gain promotion at the first attempt while the Vale were sliding towards the bottom of the table. The previous Saturday United had drawn 1-1 at Small Heath (Birmingham City) and their 10-0 win at Burslem was their first away win of the season.

In the Football League Sheffield United's record has now held good for nearly 90 years and in the United Kingdom it is only in the Scottish League that it has been beaten in first-class football. This was on October 24th, 1959, when in a First Division game Hibernian beat Airdrieonians 11-1. Hibs scored only three goals before the interval but completely over-ran the luckless home side in the second half. Hibs scorers were Baker 3, McLeod 2, Preston 4, Ormond and McClelland.

The all-time record away win in British first-class football is believed to be that achieved by Nottingham Forest in a 1st Round F.A. Cup tie at Clapton in January 1891.

At this time neither club was in the Football League but they were both among the leading amateur clubs in the country. The Forest had won the Notts Senior Cup the previous season while Clapton had won the London Cup in 1888-89.

The two sides had met earlier that season in a friendly at Nottingham which the home side won 4-1, and the visitors were expected to win at Clapton, largely on account of the presence of Dr. Tinsley Lindley in their

attack, one of the finest centre-forwards of his day.

On this occasion Lindley actually played inside-left to allow "Sandy" Higgins, the more regular leader that season to continue to lead the attack. It was reported that Higgins was unfit and should not have played in this game, but despite this he scored five goals, while Lindley scored four, and with two each from McCallum and Shaw, and another by "Tich" Smith, Forest ran up a record victory of 14-0.

It has to be admitted that Clapton were without a number of their regular players but their goalkeeper was the Welsh International from Wrexham, S. G. Gillam.

This 14-0 victory by the Forest beats anything that has been achieved in the Football League, even by sides playing at home, for the record victory in this competition is 13-0. This was first registered by Stockport County in a Division III(N) game against Halifax Town, January 6th, 1934, and repeated by Newcastle United in a Second Division game against Newport County, October 5th, 1946. Tranmere Rovers also netted 13 goals in a Division III(N) game, Boxing Day, 1935, but on that occasion, Oldham Athletic were able to reply with four goals.

The Newcastle victory is especially well remembered by St. James's Park supporters as one of the most talented footballers ever to pull on one of their black and white jerseys marked his debut for Newcastle by scoring six of their goals. This was the inimitable Len Shackleton, newly signed from Bradford for a fee of £13,000. An artistic inside-forward he really dazzled the Newport defence that afternoon, scoring three of his goals in an amazing six-minute spell of the first half.

Poor old Newport really found themselves out of their class in this their only season in the Second Division, and at the end of a disastrous campaign they were six points adrift at the foot of the table, having conceded 133 goals.

The biggest win ever recorded in the F.A. Cup Competition was that of mighty Preston North End against Hyde in the 1st Round of 1887-88. This game is believed to have run half an hour over time because of an error by the referee, but at the end every Preston player except their goalkeeper had scored and the result was 26-0.

Preston, of course, were at the height of their power at this period

**Dixie Dean (white shirt) of Everton falls into the net during his club's 3-0 F.A. Cup Final win in 1933.**







**Ted Drake (centre), the great Arsenal centre-forward, scored all seven goals when The Gunners beat Aston Villa in 1935.**

in football history although they were surprisingly defeated 2-1 by West Bromwich Albion in the Final of 1887-88. The following season they went on to complete the League and Cup "double", winning the League without suffering a single defeat and the Cup without conceding a goal.

Even when they had slipped a little from this pinnacle they were still able to record the second biggest win in the Cup Competition proper. This was their victory over Reading at Deepdale in January 1894.

It was a First Round tie and Reading were one of the only two amateur sides (the other was Middlesbrough) to have reached this stage of the competition that season. It was a shattering experience for this team of railway and biscuit factory workers against Preston professionals. It should be added, however, that Preston were unable to field a full-strength side and had to call upon the services of their trainer, John Barton, at inside-right, and an only half fit centre-forward, Nick Ross, who was recovering from a bout of influenza. Indeed, when it began raining during the second half Ross left the field "at the request of the club committee."

Nevertheless Preston so outclassed the amateurs that they ran out 18-0 winners, scoring seven before the interval and another 11 in the second half, including eight when they were reduced to 10 men.

Goodness only knows what the Preston side of a slightly earlier vintage would have done to the Reading amateurs for this Preston combination finished third from bottom in the First Division this season and were knocked out of the Cup in the next round by Second Division Liverpool.

We have earlier considered the greatest goalscorer in the game's history, but how about the greatest goalscoring combination? The Preston and Sunderland teams of the earliest Football League seasons may be worthy of consideration for they certainly scored at a high rate, but they have to be discarded because the competition was not so exhausting in those days of 22-match seasons.

It is true that for a while goalscoring was made easier when the

offside law was changed in 1925 so that the attackers needed only two defenders between them and the goal-line to be offside rather than three under the old law, but sides soon found the answer by blocking up the middle with a third back.

Assuming that we should restrict our choice to First Division teams we find that 12 sides have won the League Championship with over a century of goals to their credit since the offside law was changed in 1925. Arsenal have done it three times 1930-31 (127 goals), 1932-33 (188 goals), 1934-35 (115); Everton twice, 1927-28 (102) and 1931-32 (116); Wolverhampton Wanderers twice, 1957-58 (103), 1958-59 (110). Sheffield Wednesday, Sunderland, Manchester City, Manchester United and Tottenham Hotspur have each achieved this once in the same period.

There would be a good deal of support for a vote in favour of the post-war Wolverhampton side, especially as they won the Championship two seasons in succession, each time with a century of goals. They were a super-fit combination that used the long ball to advantage and kept their opponents under constant pressure. Few sides could live with them. The principal players over the two seasons 1957-59 were Finlayson; Stuart, Harris; (from) Slater, Clamp, Wright, Flowers; Deeley or Lill, Broadbent, Murray, Mason and Mullen. Booth also fitted into the forward line in the second season with Mullen dropping out.

Everton are bound to be considered among the greatest goalscoring combinations if only because of the leadership of "Dixie" Dean. The two seasons mentioned above are close enough for certain players to have appeared regularly in both. These were full-back Warney Cresswell, outside-right Ted Critchley, and, of course, centre-forward "Dixie" Dean. One wonders though whether they were not still playing in a period when goalscoring was comparatively easy because most

sides had not adjusted to the change in the offside law. That would certainly apply to the earlier of these two seasons.

The Arsenal side of 1934-35 rival Everton. They may not have scored as many as their 1930-31 combination, which was the highest number (127) ever scored by a Football League Championship-winning team. In 1934-35 they scored 115 goals but among the top-scoring Championship-winning sides their goal average is certainly the best in a 42-match campaign—115 goals for and only 46 against. They also included among their goalscorers three men who had contributed to their century of goals in each of the earlier seasons of 1930-31 and 1932-33. We can ignore the fact that these same men also helped them to win the Championship in 1933-34 when they (only) scored 75 goals. The three men were Clifford Bastin, probably the greatest goalscoring winger of all time, Alex James one of the most brilliant creators of scoring chances, and Joe Hulme, the "Highbury Express" whose speed allied to ball control had to be seen to be believed.

Arsenal in 1934-35 may not have had "Dixie" Dean, but they had another of the finest goalscoring centre-forwards of all-time in big-hearted Ted Drake. This dashing player really panicked defences and always gave the impression that he would go through a brick-wall if that was en route to a goal. Drake was a joy to behold and a real crowd-puller. None of the other teams we have just mentioned had such a powerful goalscorer with the exception of Everton and "Dixie" Dean. However, Drake in 1934-35 probably had a tighter defensive set-up to contend with than had Dean in his record-breaking season of 1927-28.

Ted Drake's greatest scoring feat was performed in December 1935 when playing away from home—at Villa Park—he scored all of Arsenal's goals in a 7-1 victory. On this glorious occasion this bold player actually scored seven goals with eight shots. He scored six with six successive shots before his next effort rebounded from the cross-bar. His eighth shot brought another goal in the last minute of the game.

Arsenal's 1934-35 line-up (all of them internationals) was Frank Moss; George Male, Eddie Hapgood; Jack Crayston, Herbie Roberts, Wilf Copping; Pat Beasley, Raymond Bowden, Ted Drake, Alex James and Cliff Bastin.

What an astonishing collection of football talent.

Their leading First Division scorers were Ted Drake 42, Cliff Bastin 20 and Raymond Bowden 14. Drake a powerhouse in every way, Bastin always ice cool and with a rocket shot that made people behind the goal instinctively duck when he let fly, and Bowden the stylish player with the neat body-swerve and the knack of sending goalkeepers leaping the wrong way. Yes, a goalscoring combination supreme.



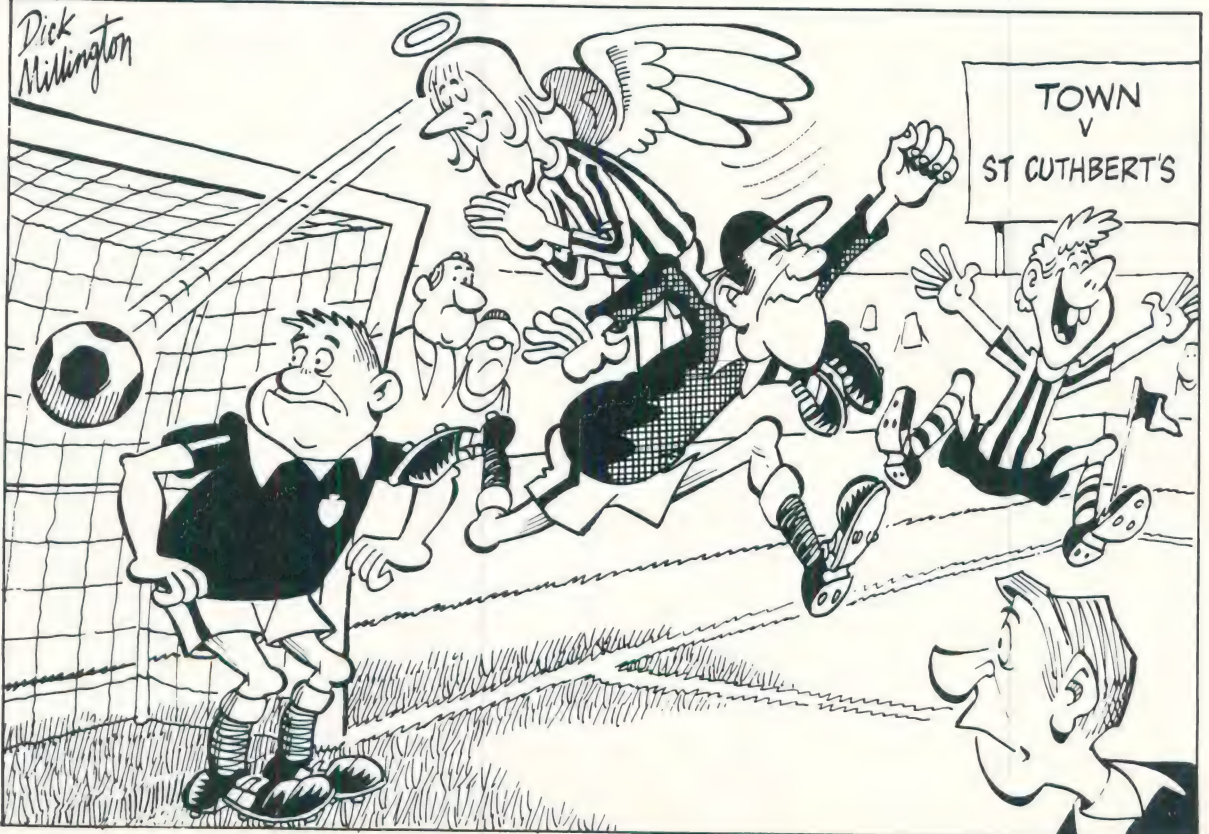
Dick  
Millington



## SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Study the first sketch carefully. Then switch your gaze to the second one, which is identical but for 14 alterations which our artist has made. See if you can spot them all. Answers on page 112.

Dick  
Millington





## F.A. Cup

When soccer historians write about F.A. Cup shocks the one that is nearly always recalled is Third Division Walsall's 2-0 defeat of the mighty Arsenal at Fellows Park in the Third Round of 1932-33.

To appreciate the enormity of this giant-killing act one must realise that at this period in football history Arsenal were not merely a First Division club but one of the most famous and powerful combinations in the soccer world, having appeared in two of the three Cup Finals immediately prior to this season as well as winning the League Championship and been runners-up in the two previous campaigns. They were also well on the way to winning the League title again in 1932-33, although it should be recalled that shortly before their shock defeat at Walsall their six-point lead at the head of the table had dwindled to two with First Division defeats at Sheffield Wednesday and at Sunderland.

Arsenal, however, did not field a full strength side at Fellows Park. What with influenza and a couple of players out of form and rested their team included only seven of the regular First Division side.

Although in the Third Division (North) Walsall could point to the fact that they had been unbeaten at home so far this season, but although they were still not expected to beat The Gunners, who still included three of the greatest forwards in the country in David Jack, Alex James, and Cliff Bastin, this was not the greatest Cup shock of all time.

Not to take any credit away from Walsall they went at their famous visitors hammer and tongs with free-kicks galore being awarded to Arsenal. Walsall's hard tactics certainly paid off and in the second half their centre-forward, Gilbert Allsop, headed in from a corner-kick.

It was then that things really got rough, and obviously rattled by the treatment they had received Arsenal began to hit back with one of their players being penalised for retaliation. Walsall's inside-left, Bill Sheppard, scored from the spot to complete one of the most publicised victories in the game's history.

Despite what may have been claimed elsewhere, however this wasn't the biggest Cup shock of all-time—far from it. Yeovil Town's 2-1 win over First Division Sunderland in the Fourth Round of 1948-49 must rate as highly, if only because the home side were not even in the Football League but in the lower half of the Southern League and fielding a side of part-timers including their reserve team goalkeeper. Sunderland fielded the inimitable Len Shackleton, one of the finest inside-forwards of his day.

What was especially remarkable about Yeovil's victory was the fact that it was secured in extra-time (this was played in those days even in the first tie) after the score was 1-1 at the end of 90 minutes. Surely

the extra fitness of the professionals should have enabled them to prevail in extra-time, but it was not to be and the part-timers got the winner.

Colchester United's 1-0 victory over Huddersfield Town in the previous season (1947-48) has gone down in history as one of the great giant-killing acts by a non-League side (Colchester were then in the Southern League) over a First Division side. More recently we have had Hereford United's 2-1 victory over Newcastle United in a replay (1971-72) after the Southern League side had held Newcastle to a 2-2 draw at St. James's

Park, and also Wimbledon's 1-0 win at Burnley in the 3rd Round of 1974-75. Indeed, Mick Mahon's 49th minute goal that caused this major upset at Turf Moor in January 1975 could very well be the greatest giant-killing act of all time.

However, for one which could be placed before it we go back to season 1919-20 when a comparatively unknown non-League side held First Division Sheffield Wednesday to a goalless draw before travelling to Hillsborough to win the replay 2-0.

That giant-killer was Darlington, then in the North Eastern League,

# CUP





and although Sheffield Wednesday were having a difficult time near the foot of the First Division, the fact that they were beaten on their own ground in a replay was truly a Cup shock. Darlington that season consisted almost entirely of local players.

Those were the days when the First Division sides came into the competition for the First Round instead of being exempt until the Third, and, therefore, few people had any inkling of the strength of the Darlington team. Some of the other giant-killers just mentioned did provide more of a warning through their success against

trying to play clever football. On this occasion the home side's close passing game was bogged down while the heavier Dundee team booted hard and often. Centre-forward Alec Campbell headed them into the lead but Jimmy Fleming equalised before the interval. The slipping and sliding antics of the players caused the spectators much amusement but the all-conquering Rangers did not enjoy the joke after Dundee's inside-left, Jim Robertson, headed the winner.

1922-23 may not have been one of Heart of Midlothian's best seasons but with an international centre-forward

what was then a princely sum—£700—to try and persuade them to switch the tie to Tynecastle. Bo'ness stuck out for more money and so the game was played on their ground.

Hearts' share of the gate at Bo'ness was less than £150, but to add to their chagrin they were well beaten in a hard game in which at least two players found themselves in plaster and bandages before the 90 minutes had expired.

Jock White did his stuff, opening the scoring and getting an equaliser after Bo'ness had scored through Kelly and Moffat. But while Hearts

# SWOOPS

other Football League sides in the first three or four rounds. Sheffield Wednesday 0, Darlington 2, in the First Round, now that was certainly a shock.

## Scottish Cup

It is always a shock when the Cup-holders are knocked out early in the competition and it was an especially memorable occasion when this happened to Rangers in season 1930-31. Memorable not only because Rangers had won everything they had played for in the previous season and were on their way to their fifth successive League title in 1930-31, but also because their defeat by Dundee at Ibrox was one of the most ludicrous games ever played in British first-class football.

The conditions at Ibrox for this Second Round tie on January 31st, 1931, were absolutely atrocious and it was referred to as the "aquatic Cup-tie." Mud and large pools of water all over the pitch meant that players often had to take three or four kicks at the ball to get it on the move, and few present except the referee could understand why the game was allowed to begin, let alone run its full course.

In the First Round, Rangers had thrashed Armadale 7-1 and there seemed little doubt that their star-studded team—Davie Meiklejohn, Bobby McPhail, Jimmy Smith, Jimmy Fleming, Tommy Hamilton and company—would prove too clever for Dundee, more especially as the tie was at Ibrox.

As things turned out, however, Dundee adapted themselves better to the exceptional conditions, while Rangers could not break the habit of

like Jock White banging in the goals and other players of the calibre of Jock Wilson, goalkeeper Willie White and half-backs Alec Wright and Jock Ramage, they were not expected to have much difficulty in beating Second Division Bo'ness in the Second Round of the Scottish Cup after a confidence boosting 6-0 beating of Thornhill in the First Round.

Still, Hearts must have been slightly anxious for they offered Bo'ness

were licking their wounds Rayne, the Bo'ness right-half, cracked home the winner.

Such is the monopoly of success enjoyed by Rangers and Celtic North of the Border that in periods when these sides are going well any defeat comes as rather a shock. So it was in season 1936-37 when Rangers, the Cup holders were eliminated in the 1st Round.

The team that brought down the mighty Rangers on this occasion was Queen of the South, having a difficult season near the foot of the table and destined to finish only three places off the bottom.

Admittedly this First Round tie was played at Palmerston Park but this was Rangers team winning more away games than any other in the Scottish League during this campaign, and their supporters fully expected them to more than hold their own against Queen of the South.

Instead, Rangers had one of their worst games for months in which nothing went right and the home side's centre-forward, John Renwick, sent them crashing out of the Cup with the only goal of the game.

It was the first time for 36 years that The Gers had been knocked out at this early stage of the competition.

## European Cup

In the days when we still did not fully appreciate, or refused to acknowledge, the real strength of European football, there were two shocks in 1960-61. The first was the elimination of the Scottish League Champions, Hearts, by the Portuguese side, Benfica.

Today, Benfica is a name that commands respect anywhere in the world, but in 1960-61 they had not even reached the Quarter-Finals of the European Cup.

Only those who had been studying the club's recent progress more closely knew that a transformation was being



**LEFT... David Jack of Arsenal was in The Gunners' team humiliated by Walsall.**

**RIGHT... Steve Chalmers was Celtic's two-goal hero against MTK Budapest in 1963/64.**



wrought at their Lisbon headquarters by a newly-appointed coach, the former Hungarian international, Bela Guttmann. In no time at all he changed them from a cautious 4-2-4 combination into an exciting attacking formation.

The Scottish public had not got the message, however, and when Benfica came to Tynecastle for the Preliminary Round (first leg) in September 1960 they felt confident that a side that had won the Scottish League title with a four-point margin only a few months earlier would easily master these Continentals. The home side included such talented Tynecastle favourites as the dazzling Wille Bauld, top-scorer Alec Young, the "blond bombshell", and that human dynamo, John Cumming, always an inspiration. The complete team was Marshall; Kirk, Thomson; Cumming, Milne, Bowman; Young, Murray, Bauld, Blackwood, Smith.

A crowd of some 40,000 that evening were treated to a display of fast-moving attacking football for the visitors with Coluna outstanding. Alec Young was prevented from doing his stuff by Germano, and Benfica were two goals up through Aguas and Augusto, before Young managed to make a break late in the game which brought the home side their only goal.

A week later in Lisbon the Scottish side were comprehensively beaten 3-0 with Aguas getting another two goals and Augusto adding to his total.

The next shock in the 1960-61 was not as great, but it was still a notable victory. This was the elimination of Real Madrid for the first time in six seasons of European Cup Football. The Spanish side that had won the trophy five times in a row were knocked out by their great Spanish rivals, Barcelona, in the First Round.

In the first leg in Madrid Real seemed on the road to another victory when Mateos shot them into a second minute lead, but Suarez equalised after 27 minutes. Gento restored the home side's lead before the interval and they appeared to have victory in the bag when with only three minutes to go, Barcelona were awarded a penalty and Suarez sent Real's new 'keeper, Jose Vicente diving the wrong way as the equalising goal hit the back of the net. It was the first time in the competition that Real Madrid had not won at home.

A fortnight later Barcelona completed Real Madrid's downfall with a 2-1 victory in a great match. A full-strength Real Madrid side containing such stars as Stefano, Puskas, Del Sol, Gento and Santamaria, pulled out all the stops, but in the end Barcelona, with a few stars of their own like Kubala, Suarez, Kocsis and Evaristo, proved to be the masters. 212,000 fans paid to see these two exciting games.

It wasn't so much the fact that Wolverhampton Wanderers were eliminated from the European Cup in 1959-60 that provided the shock, but the manner in which they were dismissed. Remember that the Wolves

had won the League title in each of the two previous seasons, scoring 213 goals in the process. They were one of the most exciting and efficient goalscoring machines in the game's history and seemed to have a good chance of chalking up their third title win in a row (they eventually finished runners-up) when they faced Barcelona in Spain in February 1960.

The mighty Wolves, however, were completely outwitted on that occasion. They attacked, but not with the same speed and cleverness as the Spanish side who drew them forward and then rounded their overstretched defence with lightning thrusts. The result was a humiliating 4-0 defeat.

Still the proud Molineux supporters expected their heroes to more than make amends in the second leg. Surely no continentals could stand up to the tough uncompromising hammering that in recent months had sent Portsmouth staggering away from Wolverhampton after a 7-0 battering, Blackburn Rovers beaten 5-0, Leeds United 6-2, Arsenal 6-1, Luton Town 5-0, not to mention Red Star Belgrade's 3-0 defeat in the previous round of the European Cup.

March 2nd, 1960, however, showed the limitations of Wolverhampton's style of play when pitted against a clever more subtle form of fast moving football. The result was a shock indeed. Wolves did not win or draw, they did

West Ham and Munich 1960 take to the field at Wembley for the 1965 Cup-Winners' Cup Final, which The Hammers won 2-0.

(Right)

Hereford's Meadows receives some help from the Law after the shock F.A. Cup defeat of Newcastle.

## European Cup-winners Cup

Whether or not you consider Cardiff City's 2-1 victory against Sporting Lisbon in Portugal in the Second Round (first leg) of 1964-65 a shock depends from which side of the fence you are looking. Confident Cardiff supporters expected nothing less, but the British football public at large were more than a little shocked. After all, Cardiff were no more than a middle-of-the-table Second Division side. However, Jimmy Scoular had instilled some real fighting spirit into his team and with Greg Farrell and Derek Tapscott getting their goals they





certainly shocked the Lisbon supporters.

After that surprise victory Cardiff City were naturally expected to win at Ninian Park, even allowing for the uncompromising attitude of a visiting team with a goal deficit to make-up. There was another shock, however, for in a hard game before 24,000 spectators at Ninian Park neither side could score. Cardiff proudly went through but were eliminated in the next round by the Spanish side, Real Zaragoza.

Celtic provided a number of shocks in the competition of 1963-64. In the first place they had only qualified as Cup Finalists, the winners—Rangers, playing in the Champions' Cup. However, after they had beaten Basle 5-1 and 5-0, Dynamo Zagreb 3-0 and 2-1, and Slovan Bratislava 1-0 and 1-0, it seemed that no-one could halt their progress to the Final of the Cup-winners' Cup.

Their confidence was even further strengthened in the Semi-Final first leg when they defeated MTK Budapest 3-0 at Celtic Park, Jimmy Johnstone scored before the interval and Steve Chalmers added two in a great 10-minute spell in the second half. The visitors were well beaten and there seemed no doubt that a three goal advantage would be enough to see them through the second leg in Budapest.

The Scottish fans, however, had reckoned without the dazzling

Hungarian winger, Karoly Sandor. He had missed the first leg, but when he came back for the return he shocked Celtic with his speed and dazzling footwork, and was the inspiration of the home side's 4-0 victory—Celtic's biggest margin of defeat in European football.

After winning the Cup-winners' Cup in 1964-65 and doing so well in the earlier rounds the following season, West Ham United's elimination by Borussia Dortmund in the Semi-Finals of 1965-66 was a shock. Maybe not so much because they were knocked out but because they were beaten both at home and away. It was that first leg home defeat that provided the real surprise on April 5th, 1966. West Ham were well on top and Martin Peters had shot them into a 52nd-minute lead, but in the closing stages of the game the Germans counter-attacked and scored twice through Emmerich.

Following this disappointment their 3-1 defeat in Dortmund was not unexpected.

## UEFA Cup

**H**aving won the League Championship in 1968-69 and finished

better known in Leeds after they had visited Elland Road in September 1971 and beaten the home team 4-0! The shock was even greater because in the first leg only a fortnight earlier Leeds had actually won 2-0 in Belgium. This is United's heaviest defeat in European football. The Leeds side was Shaw; Reaney, Cooper. Yorath, Faulkner, Madeley, Lorimer, Mann, Belfitt, Bates and Galvin.

## World Cup

**T**here can be no doubt whatsoever about the greatest shock in this competition, at least not for British fans. It has gone down in football history as one of the most astonishing results of all time, and when it was first announced many people thought that there had been a misprint and England had not lost 1-0 but had won 10-0. Alas the first score was correct and the shock was so great because the might of England had not been beaten by a footballing nation but by the United States!

This humiliation took place at Belo Horizonte, Brazil, in the 1950 tournament. Younger readers may think that England had perhaps made the mistake of experimenting with



runners-up in each of the next two seasons, Leeds United were riding high in 1971-72, and were in fact on the way to finishing League runners-up for the third time in a row as well as winning the F.A. Cup. They were also holders of the Fairs Cup, having beaten the mighty Juventus in the 1970-71 Final.

It was confidently expected, therefore, that they would have not the slightest problem in getting over their first hurdle in the newly named UEFA Cup of 1971-72, more especially as the opposition was provided by Lierse. Many had not even heard of this Belgian club that had only won their League Championship three times since 1896. Still, they were a lot

their team before taking on the bigger boys, but they had done nothing of the sort. Indeed, the team that crashed against the United states was the same side that had just beaten Chile 2-0 in their first game in this tournament.

To appreciate the enormity of this disaster just recall the England line-up. It was Bert Williams (Wolverhampton Wanderers); Alf Ramsey (Spurs), John Aston (Manchester United); Billy Wright (Wolverhampton Wanderers) capt., Laurie Hughes (Liverpool), Jimmy Dickinson (Portsmouth); Tom Finney (P.N.E.), Stan Mortensen (Blackpool), Roy Bentley (Chelsea), Wilf Mannion (Middlesbrough), Jimmy Mullen (Wolverhampton Wanderers). Between them



Over the years Celtic have proudly displayed a glittering array of players to enchant soccer followers throughout the world.

Individuals such as Jimmy Johnstone, Charlie Tully, Willie Fernie, John Hughes, Tommy Gemmell, Jimmy McGrory, Patsy Gallagher and many, many more have brought excitement and entertainment to the game. They have painted a glorious picture with their skills, they have turned a sometimes drab game into a rainbow of brilliance.

They have also presented some magnificent, awe-inspiring captains. Jock Stein was a skipper in the Fifties and Billy McNeill, the present manager, of course, led his team to the European Cup and many other glories in the Sixties.

After McNeill quit the game, Kenny Dalglish took over as captain. When he moved to Liverpool Danny McGrain, the World-rated right-back, was left in charge. Who, though, is the skipper of the future? Which young man will be asked to follow in the footsteps of Stein, McNeill, Dalglish, McGrain etc?

One youngster definitely in the running is Roy Aitken, a quiet, unassuming 21-year-old who stays out of the limelight off the pitch, but bristles with explosive energy when he pulls on that green and white shirt.

Aitken has already skippered the team as a stand-in, but the job could be his on a more permanent basis in the near future.

What makes this boy so special? Right from the start of his career Roy has been heading for the very top.

# Celtic's Roy Aitken- STRONG AND SKILFUL

Jock Stein saw him playing for a Celtic Boys' Club and predicted that he would be playing in the Parkhead side's top team in about three year's time.

In fact, Roy made the breakthrough even before Stein's expectation. Aitken came into the first team at centre-half while he was still 16 and immediately made an impact. That game ended 0-0 and Aitken displayed commendable authority and considerable calm throughout.

"I was even more nervous before the next match," remembers Aitken. "That was against Hibs at Parkhead and I was desperate to do well in front of our own fans."

"I didn't want to let them down. A lot of nice things had been written about me after my performance against Aberdeen and I was determined to live up to it. I hope I did."

The modest Aitken refrains from telling you that Celtic hammered Hibs 4-0 that day and again he was superb. His career hasn't faltered since then.

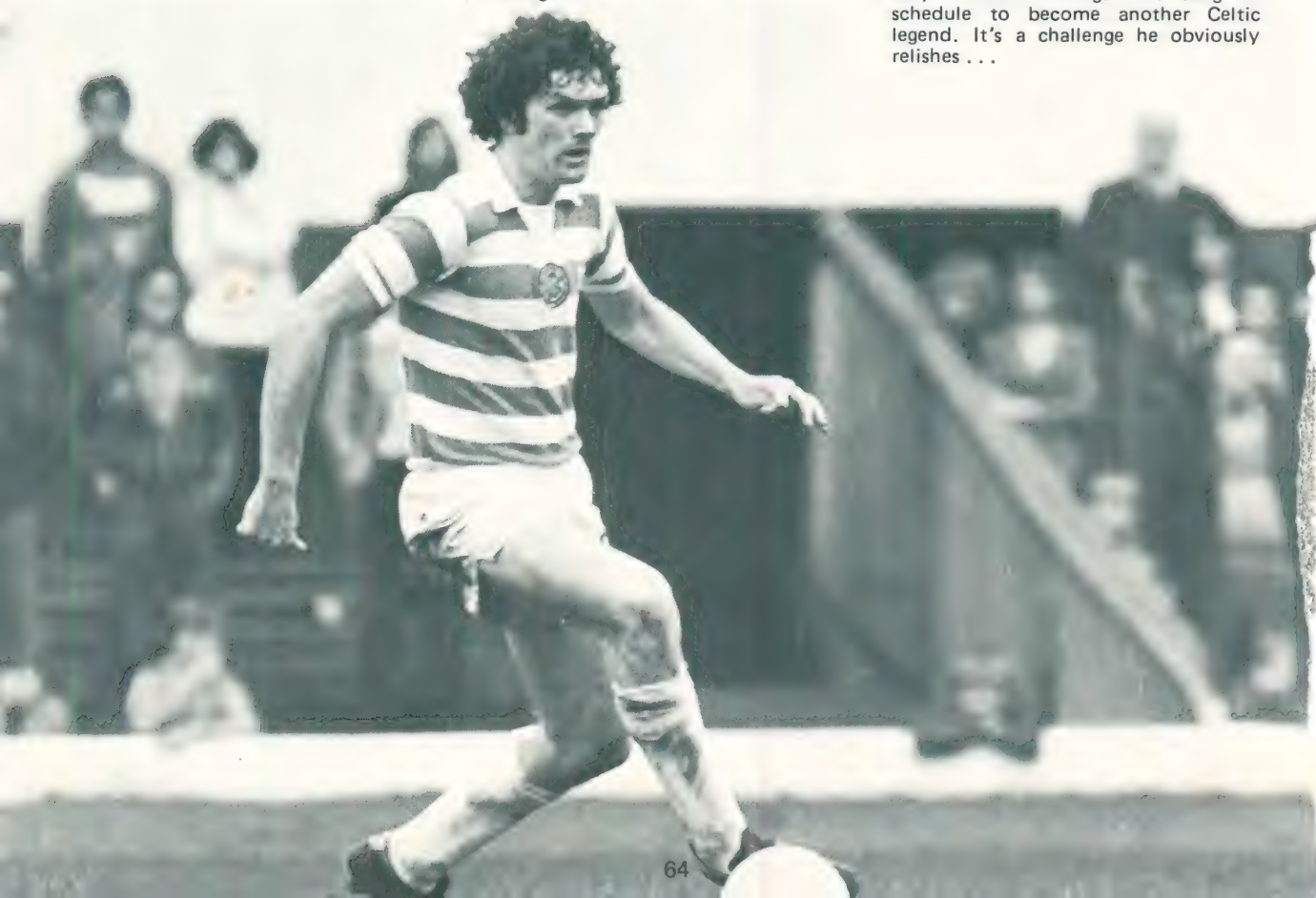
Aitken has now settled into an aggressive midfield role where his incredible strength is invaluable. He is a worker as well as being a player of clever perception.

He has been likened to the late Duncan Edwards, of England and Manchester United, and watching Aitken in all out-action, always in the thick of it, you can understand the comparison.

But Aitken just doesn't rely on force. He has some intricate touches that amaze opponents and delight fans. He scored a goal against Motherwell last season that was put away with the delicate ease of a prince of the penalty area.

There wasn't long to go of a hard-fought League Cup-tie at Fir Park when Aitken drifted into the Motherwell danger zone, accepted a through ball, turned brilliantly and slid a cool shot across the face of the desperately diving Dave Latchford and into the net. That was a combination of pin-point accuracy and breathtaking timing.

Yes, there's nothing wrong with Roy Aitken's timing. He's bang on schedule to become another Celtic legend. It's a challenge he obviously relishes...





# 'MY SOCCER HEROES'

**W**orld class is a term often used by soccer writers to describe players who are a long way short of that distinction.

To justify a place alongside the all-time greats of the game, a player must have maintained the highest level of consistency for both club and country for a number of years. To have excited the fans the world over, earned the total respect of fellow professionals and made a distinguished contribution to the game.

Like most players I have my soccer heroes, although I haven't modelled myself on anyone in particular. As regular readers of my SHOOT column will know, I've tried to establish my own style and personality.

The first player from the past to catch my eye was the famous Real Madrid and Spain winger Fransisco Gento—or Paco as he was known.

I remember as a lad of eight or nine being called in by my next door neighbour Bob, to watch him on TV, playing for Spain in the 1962 World Cup Finals in Chile.

The Hill family didn't have a telly at the time and Bob, a talented amateur footballer, told me stories about the big name players of the time.

Gento, one of the fastest and most devastating left-wingers of his era,

my soccer scene

**GORDON  
& HILL**

was Bob's own particular favourite.

Short and stocky, Paco was a member of the mighty Real Madrid team which won the first five European Cups in the late fifties.

He was also in the side that beat Partizan Belgrade in the 1966 Final.

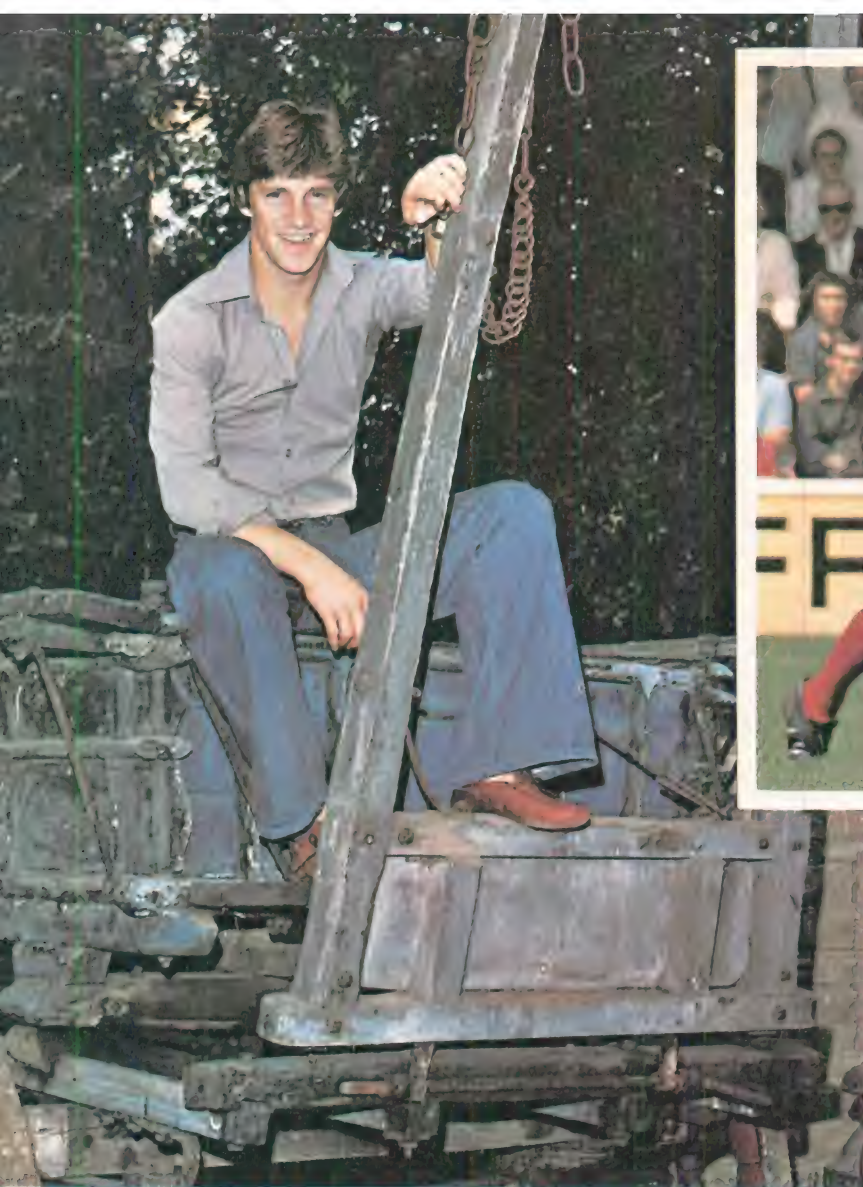
Gento, who won over 40 caps for Spain, had all the skills needed in a top class winger.

Apart from his speed, he had fantastic control, could cross a ball with uncanny accuracy and scored goals consistently.

I haven't copied any other player's style, but if I had then Gento would have been my model. If I approach his stature as a player before I finally retire then I'll go out of the game







BOBBY CHARLTON

content.

I never met Gento, but I do know Denis Law, another of my idols.

I first came into contact with the Law man shortly after joining Manchester United in November, 1975.

He came into our dressing room one afternoon with Sir Matt Busby and was introduced to me.

"Like to wish you well, lad," he said. "Hope you are as happy at Old Trafford as I was."

Well my reign at United didn't last as long as Denis's.

He joined them in 1962 after a stormy spell with Torino in Italy and went on to help them win the League title in 1964-65, the F.A. Cup in 1963 and the European Cup in 1968.

I know Denis was injured and missed the Final at Wembley, but few will deny his contribution in the earlier rounds.

Denis was a tremendous player, a deadly finisher and had a brilliant tactical brain.

Apart from his incredible control, Denis could head a ball better than anyone else I've ever seen. He seemed

to have springs in his heels and magic wires which suspended him in midair.

Although slightly built, Denis could take care of himself in any situation and gave defenders as good as he received.

Law had a natural instinct for scoring goals. He would snap up half-chances in the box, capitalise on rebounds from defenders and goal-keepers.

He was like quicksilver, a real character who has been missed by the fans since his retirement.

These days, Denis is a soccer reporter for BBC radio in Manchester.

Jimmy Greaves is another of the great goalscorers. There was no one to touch him in this category . . . not even Pele.

Like Denis Law you could never take your eyes off Jimmy for a second. He would appear to be having a bad game and then suddenly—bang—bang—he'd score two goals in the last minute of the game.

Jimmy wasn't so dangerous in the middle of the Park, but inside the penalty-area where the action was most

fierce, he was deadly. That was his domain—and there Jimmy reigned supreme.

There is nobody in the First Division with the calibre of Law and Greaves today, a sad reflection on the way the game was allowed to develop a few years ago.

Thankfully we are gradually getting back to the old way of thinking . . . where the art of scoring goals and entertaining the fans is more important than stopping them and the other team from playing.

Denis and Jimmy are now very much a part of soccer folklore. Another genius, George Best, will probably go down in football history as the great talent that got lost on the way.

In a decade with Manchester United and Northern Ireland, Bestie was magic. His performances and goals held crowds spellbound. He was a super hero, everybody's idol. He achieved a height of fame experienced by no other British footballer of the time.

A perfectionist on the park, George could destroy a team on his own—as he proved in the 1968 European Cup Final against Benfica.

He gave perhaps his finest performance for United at Wembley and helped them to a memorable 4-1 victory.

Unfortunately, as time passed so did George's total dedication and self-discipline.

He began to make headlines for all the wrong reasons. He missed training, disappeared for days on end and gradually drifted down the soccer scale before finally leaving this country for America.

George returned briefly and turned out for Fulham at a reported £500 a





FRANZ  
BECKENBAUER



BOBBY MOORE



GEORGE BEST

match. But that didn't last long.

I've played against George several times in testimonials and always found him a pleasure to be with.

George was great company after the matches ... a nice guy. He just seemed to lose his way professionally.

We'll never know the full story of George's final bust-up with United ... perhaps that's for the best!

## Mutual respect

I believe George was surrounded by so many hangers-on he never really knew who his true friends were. Before he realised most people were out for their own gains it was too late.

Fortunately, I've learned from George's mistakes, I've a close circle of mates and have no time for the leeches who attach themselves to people in the limelight.

It's no secret George Best and his team-mate at United Bobby Charlton didn't communicate off the Park.

Obviously they had a mutual respect for each other's talents, but as far as I can make out had a dislike for each other as people.

While Bestie received the pop star treatment in this country, Bobby was lauded abroad.

No other British player was more respected on the Continent, in Russia and South America.

I remember a journalist friend telling me of the time he was in a remote part of Chile, relaxing after covering the 1962 World Cup Finals.

He was sitting in a small bar one evening when one of the locals, hearing his English accent, shook his hand and said: "Bobbee Charlton ... Bobbee Charlton."

Shy, quiet, perhaps too aloof off the field, Bobby exploded into action once he pulled on the red shirt for United or the white of England.

His pace, ball control and fantastic shooting power made him one of the most dangerous forwards in the World. I'll never forget his thunderbolt against Mexico in the 1966 World Cup—I was a mere lad of 12 at the time—or his two in the Semi-Final against Portugal.

Bobby was also a World Cup star in 1970 in Mexico, when he won his 106th full cap, beating the record set up by Billy Wright.

His 49 goals for England still stand as a record of which Bobby is justifiably proud.

Present holder of the English record of 108 caps is Bobby Moore, who captained England to World Cup success in 1966 and was again outstanding in the 1970 competition.

A superb reader of the game, a fine tackler, Bobby also skipped West Ham to success in the 1964 F.A. Cup Final and the Cup Winners' Cup in 1965.

When West Ham won the Cup again in 1975, Bobby was at Wembley, only this time playing for Fulham.

So cool under pressure, Bobby had an outstanding career, a model for any youngster.

Franz Beckenbauer, Bobby's great friend and rival, is another of the all-time greats.

"The Emperor" as he is known because of his commanding influence over the years for club Bayern Munich and country, West Germany, was a better player than Moore because he could combine his defensive skills with a fine attacking flair.

In April, 1977 Franz shocked West

Germany by accepting a \$2 million offer to join the Cosmos in America.

Many of his countrymen criticised this decision. I didn't. Good luck to Franz. He is a professional and no one should blame him for cashing in on his talents while he can.

No list of world class stars would be complete without a mention of the finest all-round footballer of all time. Yes, of course, it's the one and only Pele.

I'm not going to waste space writing words you've all read before on this greatest of greats.

I had the privilege of playing alongside Pele for an N.A.S.L. representative team in the States some years ago. I was with Chicago Sting at the time.

When I first saw Pele in the dressing room I couldn't believe I was actually there. It was like a dream.

Then the great man came up to me and said in broken English: "I know you—you are ze Gordon 'ill. I like the way you play futbol."

I was dumbstruck. ... Pele actually KNEW ME! I'll never forget that



moment or those words as long as I live.

As Pele reached the evening of his career, Johan Cruyff emerged as the bright new shining star.

With Ajax, Holland and finally Barcelona, this Flying Dutchman displayed his immense range of skills.

Fast, mobile, superb control, vision and amazing reflexes—Cruyff had the lot.

When he left Ajax for Spain, the famous Dutch club fell apart. And Holland never really replaced their superstar of the Seventies.

With Barcelona, John performed with the grace that earned him three European Footballer of the Year awards and had other clubs clamouring to sign him for incredible fees.

But in the summer of 1978 he announced his retirement from the game. I admire his courage . . . to get out at the top when he was still regarded as one of the best players in world soccer.

There are many other players who have excited me over the years—Gordon Banks perhaps the greatest 'keeper of them all . . . Italy's fabulous forward Causio, Mario Kempes of Argentina, Peter Shilton and Kevin Keegan, who established himself as a true world star when he left Liverpool for West Germany and Hamburger SV.

Ron Greenwood has restored much of England's pride since replacing Don Revie as international manager. Kevin



Keegan, with his devastating style and dedication, put heart back into the team.

Like most people in this country I was sorry Keegan left for the continent, but now realise that it was the best thing that could have happened for both player and England.

I just hope that in a similar article in SHOOT Annual for 1995, when one of the young stars of the day is compiling his galaxy of golden greats, I'll rate a mention.

All the best . . .

A handwritten signature in black ink, which appears to read 'Gordon Banks'.



*Argentina star Marion Kempes (above, left). Kevin Keegan is one of England's few world-class players. Peter Shilton (below) is another.*





# 'BORO'S TURN FOR HONOURS MUST COME'

## says Stuart Boam

In a football steeped area of England such as the North-East, Middlesbrough's lack of success during more than a century of existence is something their supporters find galling when they mix in the company of Newcastle United and Sunderland fans.

But it is not only the club's followers who are aware of the bare Ayresome Park cupboard. The players feel it, too.

'Boro centre-half and defensive stalwart Stuart Boam has given the best years of his career to the club since joining them in a £50,000 transfer from Mansfield Town in 1971. Now 31, Boam reflects on the highs and lows of his time at Ayresome Park and admits that his sole aim is to achieve one major honour with the club before his playing days end.

Boam said: "It is strange, really, because when I left Mansfield I took a massive upward step. And my early years with 'Boro indicated that even greater steps were very close.

"When we took the second Division by storm in 1974, I believed that our squad and our own particular system would sweep us through the First Division as well.

"Our manager then was Jack Charlton and he welded us into a unit few could beat. We walked away with the Second Division Championship, playing to a system very few teams could fathom.

"With Alan Foggan and Graeme Souness breaking through from midfield to support Dave Mills and John Hickton up front, we were essentially a defensive side, often winning by the odd goal. But we did not let many in. Then, I had a burning ambition to gain some form of international recognition, and playing in such a tight system, my game obviously proved consistent.

"But the First Division teams were clearly prepared for us and we had to settle for consolidation around mid-table. The burst for the very top never materialised, and if anything, we slipped back a bit the season after.

"At my age I accept that any hopes of international recognition are gone. But I still have a lot of things to

achieve, and I want to achieve them with 'Boro."

Boam is not overstating the case when he says "a lot of things. . .". 'Boro have never won the League Championship, never won, or even appeared in, an F.A. Cup Final and have yet to get beyond the Semi-Finals of the League Cup.

"We won the Anglo-Scottish Cup in 1976, but apart from the Second Division title, there is nothing else to report except that we are a First Division team," says Boam.

The fact that 'Boro won the Amateur Cup in 1895 and 1898 means nothing to their fans who look across the region and can almost smell the success oozing from the portals of St James Park and Roker Park. A lot of that success is now fading history also. But success has been achieved.

### Attacking Ideas

Boam added: "When Jack Charlton left to take over Sheffield Wednesday, John Neal arrived from Wrexham and brought his attacking ideas with him. We had to get used to a new playing system, one in which we scored more . . . and let more in. But there is no doubting the fact that he made us a better team to watch.

"We went through a long transitional period and some of our supporters grew impatient. I can understand that."

Few people can understand why Boam has not won more honours in the game. He was born in Kirkby and made 175 League appearances, scoring two goals, for Mansfield before that all-important transfer.

"I was studying to become a tool-maker at the time while playing in Town's first-team as a part-time professional," said Boam. "When I passed my exams I had the choice of football or becoming involved in an engineering career. The game won and I turned pro."

With well over 300 League games under his belt for 'Boro, Boam is one of the League's respected professionals—a strong, hard competitor



always ready to help and advise the young players around him and never too busy for a word with the media.

But his amiable attitude disguises a still-burning desire to break that big-time "duck".

"I know what this club is capable of achieving. We have the ground, the support and the hunger for success," said Boam.

"I would love to play in European football. It would do wonders for the whole club to be involved in one of the competitions.

"Apart from that I am determined to end my career with a medal from one of the three major competitions. History says it's time we won something, the law of averages say our turn must come. I believe that and I will be around when the champagne corks hit the dressing-room ceiling."



**FRANK  
GRAY**  
Leeds  
United

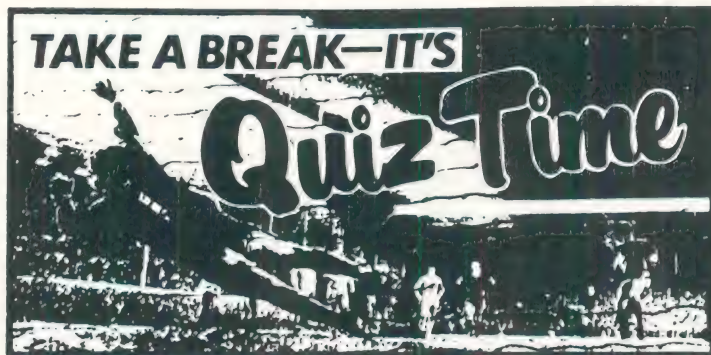






**DAVID  
RODGERS**  
Bristol City





1. Identify the four players by the following clues. (a) An Old Trafford and England international defender who has a footballing brother. (b) A World Cup winner. (c) One of the First Division's most consistent goalkeepers. (d) A defender who plays for a Midland club.

2. Who succeeded Ron Ashman as manager of Walsall?

3. Don Givens joined Birmingham City during 1978-79 season. (a) Name his three other League clubs and (b) he is an international for which country?

4. Brian Clough's Nottingham Forest set up a record run of 42 League games without defeat. It was ended last season. (a) Who beat them and (b) what was the score?

5. Still with Brian Clough's Forest. In 1977-78 they won both the League Championship and League Cup. Were they the first club to achieve that in the same season?

6. After Scotland's disastrous World Cup campaign, manager Ally MacLeod stayed for just one European Championship game. (a) Who were their opponents, (b) which club did he then take over and (c) he stayed for only a short spell before being offered the hot-seat of which then Scottish Premier Division club?

7. Which Arsenal star scored his 250th competitive goal against Manchester City at Maine Road on August 22nd, 1978?

8. What London star capped a 2-2 draw for Queens Park Rangers against



Tottenham on Boxing Day, 1978 with his 100th League goal?

9. Wolves' Peter Daniel (below right) played 103, 113, or 123 League games for Hull City and scored nine, ten or 11 League goals for them before moving to Molineux?

10. Rearrange the jumbled letters to find the name of a Scotland international goalkeeper and his club . . . HLNUOAGRA (HECTTPAKIRTSIL).

11. Black striker Gary Thompson made a big impact with which First Division club last season?

12. Steve Archibald scored regularly for which Scottish Premier Division club last season?

13. Was Sammy Nelson (below) a member of Arsenal's League Championship and F.A. Cup-winning double side of 1970-71?

14. Chris Woods, Viv Anderson, Frank Clark, John O'Hare, Larry Lloyd, Kenny Burns, Martin O'Neill, Ian Bowyer, Peter Withe, Tony Woodcock (right), John Robertson appeared in a League Cup Final. (a) Can you name the club, (b) their opponents and (c) the final score?

15. Which London clubs contested the 1966-67 and 1974-75 F.A. Cup Finals at Wembley?

16. You should all know Liverpool beat Bruges 1-0 at Wembley to become the first British side to retain the European Cup. Kenny Dalglish scored the all-important goal in the first or second half?

17. Kevin Keegan was voted European Footballer of the Year for 1978. He became the fifth British player to win the award . . . can you name the other four?

18. How many British clubs reached the Quarter-Finals stage of last season's three major European Cup competitions?

19. If the Club from Firhill Park entertained a side from Valley Parade in an Anglo/Scottish Cup-tie which two clubs would be in opposition?

20. Did Gary Bailey or Mike Bailey break through into the first team at Manchester United last season?



## ANSWERS:

1. (a) Brian Greenhoff, (b) Osvaldo Ardiles of Spurs, (c) Kevin Keegan of Norwich, (d) Coventry's Mick Coop, 2. Frank Sibley, 3. Manchester United, Luton and Q.P.R., (b) Republic of Ireland, 4. (a) Liverpool, (b) 2-0, 5. Yes, 6. (a) Austria, (b) Ayr United, (c) Motherwell, 7. Malcolm MacDonald, 8. Stan Bowles, 9. 113, 10. Alan Rough (Partick Thistle), 11. Coventry City, 12. Aberdeen, 13. NO, 14 (a) Nottingham Forest, (b) Liverpool, (c) 1-0 to Forest in a replay, 15. Spurs and Chelsea, West Ham and Fulham, 16. Second-half, 17. Stanley Mathews, Denis Law, Bobby Charlton and George Best, 18. Four-Nottingham Forest, Manchester City, West Brom and Glasgow Rangers, 19. Partick and Bradford City, 20. Gary.



**JIMMY  
CASE**  
Liverpool





**KENNY  
WATSON**  
Rangers





# NEXT IN LINE FOR ENGLAND'S 'NUMBER ONE' SPOT?



LES SEALEY

**R**ay Clemence and Peter Shilton are fast becoming as famous a double act in football as Laurel and Hardy, Flanagan and Allen, and Rogers and Astaire were to the entertainments industry.

They have held the England goal-keeping position in a stranglehold since 1973 and will clearly take some shifting from playing a role that has won them recognition throughout the soccer world.

Their selection has been automatic for England's manager Ron Greenwood. The England boss inks in their names on his international squad line-ups faster than it takes to shoot a penalty past a goalkeeper.

But unlike stars of film and stage, whose talents are frozen on celluloid for posterity long after they have departed the stage, footballers become yesterday's men when age enforces retirement.

Sadly, the Clemence-Shilton partnership will inevitably break-up and take its place in dusty football chronicles alongside such legendary soccer double acts as Mathews and Finney, Charlton and Law, and Hurst and Peters.

So, who will emerge from the wings to challenge for the England goalkeeper's position when Clemence and Shilton begin to shed some of their brilliance?

SHOOT ANNUAL decided that the best man to ask were the Football League's band of sharp-shooting strikers who come face to face with goalkeepers throughout the season.

Their verdict is that England's Wembley crowds could be hailing the stirring deeds of Les Sealey, Chris Woods and Paul Cooper after the 1982 World Cup.

A random survey of some of the League's top marksmen reveals that this trio are held in high regard and will emerge to challenge for full international honours.

Sealey has made a major impact already since making his League debut for Coventry at the end of the 1976-77 season. He astonished Highfield Road fans by keeping Scottish international goalkeeper Jim Blyth in Coventry's reserves for part of the 1977-78 season.

Born in Bethnal Green, London in September 1957, the dark-haired six-footer with a love of fast cars, is a firm favourite to challenge the formidable Clemence-Shilton combination.

## Sharp Reflexes

Ian Wallace, Coventry's Scottish international striker, confesses to overwhelming bias in tipping his clubmate.

"His all-round technique is special," beams Wallace. "I've rarely seen reflexes like Les's. His sharpness is seen at its best in one against one situations. He spreads himself so that strikers are faced with a terrible job of getting the ball past him into the net.

"If I have any criticism of Les it is that he is easy going and has to be pushed a bit. But he likes being bullied so there are no problems," reveals Wallace.

Wallace reckons that Sealey, who joined Coventry as an apprentice professional in August 1976, is so fast that he comes out to act as a sweeper if the defence is breached.

Sealey wins the approval also of another Scottish international striker, Andy Gray.

"One of the best young goalkeepers around," is the Aston Villa star's verdict. "He must be. Only the best could have kept Jim Blyth out of





Coventry's League side. And remember that Manchester United were prepared to pay £440,000 for Blyth in 1978-79 before the deal fell through."

Sealey wins David Johnson's vote on three counts. Liverpool's former Ipswich and Everton goalscorer claims that Sealey is brave, consistent, and his handling is excellent.

"Sealey has impressed me immensely when I've seen him," says Johnson. "Liverpool have had Coventry under tremendous pressure but the goals haven't come, simply because of the feats of this boy."

"If Sealey gets into the England squad his game will improve even more. He will learn so much from talking to Clemence and Shilton. Goalkeepers should coach goalkeepers."

"I'm delighted that Harry Gregg has gone back to Manchester United to coach the Old Trafford 'keepers. Bob Wilson the former Arsenal goalkeeper, has also given tips to the goalkeeping squads at Arsenal and Queens Park Rangers."

But if Sealey wins the approval of three experienced League strikers, Andy Ritchie, Manchester United's brilliant young star forward tips Chris Woods to win an England cap.

Chris who? That is the reaction of the majority of soccer fans to Ritchie's selection unless they happen to have been born within a car journey of Nottingham Forest's City Ground.

There, Shilton is guiding Wood's career with the same devotion that Gordon Banks accorded the young Shilton when they were together at Leicester City.

Woods restricted to reserve team football as understudy to Shilton, first impressed Ritchie when they won caps for England Youth in the Mini World Cup tournament in 1977-78.

Born at Swineshead, near Boston, Lincolnshire in November, 1959, Woods made League Cup history in 1977 by getting a winner's medal in the replayed Final before he had

played a League game for Forest. Shilton was Cup-tied and ineligible to play.

His brilliant form against Liverpool was a revelation to the crowds, with the notable exception of Brian Clough, and Woods' family. For he comes from good football stock. His great uncle, Eric Houghton, was the former Aston Villa and England winger.

"Chris's strength is his ability to command the penalty area," says Ritchie. "I'm told he's happy playing second fiddle to Shilton. He learns something new every day."

Wrexham's striker Dixie McNeil is another far of Woods.

"I saw enough of him in the League Cup Final to confirm that he will make an England player," says McNeil. "I was at Leicester with Shilton and know how indebted he was to the advice given him there by Gordon Banks. It's the same process at Forest—and Woods must make the grade."

England striker Paul Mariner is impressed also with Woods potential, but believes that Ipswich, his own club, will produce the next goalkeeper for England.

Mariner puts his money on Paul Cooper. "What Cooper lacks in height, he compensates for in agility and handling," insists Mariner. "He impressed me most in the 1978-79 season when Allan Hunter, Ipswich's centre-half, was out injured for a long time. We missed his organisation until Paul had the confidence to take over and direct operations."

## Incredible Speed

"He hates it when goals go past him. His speed is incredible. He's the fastest runner in the Ipswich club. Most people think Kevin Beattie is the quickest, but Paul just shades him. He can do 100 metres in about 10.5 seconds."

Fortunately for Ipswich, Cooper chose to become a goalkeeper. He nursed ambitions to be a striker when he was given a trial by Shrewsbury. Few, if any, of football's record books reveal that he once scored a hat-trick playing for Shrewsbury Reserves.

Born at Cannock in December, 1953, the 5ft 9ins goalkeeper joined Ipswich from Birmingham in July 1974 for £30,000. He first distinguished himself in Birmingham City's F.A. Cup run to the Semi-Finals in 1971-72.

But Mike Channon, Manchester City's former England striker, tempers all the enthusiasm for change by stating categorically that Clemence and Shilton will share the England job until well after the next World Cup in Spain.

"It's unfortunate for the youngsters, but both men have at least another five years as internationals. Even then they will only be in their mid-30's," says Channon.

"If there is a challenger, only one man is capable of filling the job, Joe Corrigan, of Manchester City. All three have one thing in common, they are

fitness fanatics.

"To see them in training is something to behold," says Channon. "Corrigan, for instance, will dive to hold a ball rolled at him, then leap across his goal to clutch one lobbed, then scramble back to pick-up another ground roll. He'll do that 20 times without a breather. You try it."

"Fantastic. Clemence, Shilton, Corrigan—they'll go on for years yet. When I compare this trio with some of the greats of the past, men like big Frank Swift, Bert Williams, Gil Merrick, Eddie Hopkinson, Peter Springett, Gordon Banks, it's no wonder that we're the envy of the World in the goalkeeping department," grins Channon.



CHRIS WOODS



**STEVE COPPELL**  
**Manchester United**







MEL EVES  
Wolves



# How Leighton found his best form again... **HOME, JAMES!**

**H**as Leighton James been a success or a failure? The Welsh winger figured in two big transfers, first from Burnley to Queens Park Rangers and then from Q.P.R. to Derby, before returning to his "home" at Turf Moor in 1978.

As a promising player with Burnley James looked set for a long and successful career at club and international level. Like most Burnley stars in his situation, a transfer was inevitable... but when the move DID come, Leighton's career seemed to stand still.

Derby paid around £300,000 for him in 1975 and although he was even chosen as Player of the Year once at the Baseball Ground, James was hardly an undoubted success.

The Rams, at the time, were fighting against relegation and had a new manager in Colin Murphy, who never really settled in and was eventually replaced by Tommy Docherty.

James and the Doc never saw eye to eye. The player says: "That's fair enough, but what disappointed me was the way he never gave me a chance. The manager said some hurtful things to me, but I didn't want to be drawn into a slanging match.

"I just tried to do my best for the club."

Leighton and Derby parted when the club acquired Don Masson from Q.P.R., but again James did not show the sparkle he had done previously with Burnley.

Rangers were also up against it at the foot of Division One. Frank Sibley, like Murphy, a "new boy" at management, dropped him and it became obvious that James and Rangers would split.

Now, back with Burnley and showing more confidence on the wing, he says: "I'm a better player than I was when I left the club initially. The experience of playing with Derby and Rangers, playing alongside international stars, has really improved my game.

"One of the problems with being a winger is that you're not always involved in the game. Because of the role, a winger has to stay wide and so isn't necessarily in the thick of the action.

## Tightly marked

"Fans look upon this as not trying, which is wrong. Give a winger the right sort of service and he'll produce the goods.

"I'm also aware that as an international I'm tightly marked. I've learned to live with this—at least this means more space for my teammates.

"In my earlier days, I used to be a bit selfish... you know, hold on to the ball and try and beat the extra defender. Now, experience has taught me to know when to part with the ball."

During Leighton's troubled period Wales manager Mike Smith dropped him. Smith wanted James to play on the right-hand side, but Leighton insists he's better on the left.

"It's not being a prima-donna, but I'm more effective down the left. When the manager played me on the 'wrong' side I disappointed and he left me out."

Smith noticed the improvement in James in 1978 and restored him to the Red Dragons' line-up. Leighton made his international debut back in 1972 against Czechoslovakia and is now in sight of his 50th cap.

It was against the Czechs, in a qualifying tie for the last World Cup Finals, that Leighton played his best game for Wales.

"We won 3-0, I scored twice and made the other. From the left-wing, I hasten to add!"

Playing on the left for Burnley and Wales, Leighton James, who has known failure and success, is heading in the RIGHT direction again!



*Leighton scores his second goal against Czechoslovakia in the 3-0 victory at Wrexham in March, 1977.*





PETER O'SULLIVAN  
(Brighton)



It is an easy trick of the mind's eye, transferring Osvaldo Ardiles from the white and black of Tottenham to the blaze of the "traje de luces", the matador's suit of lights. Partly it is the lithe, spare build, the jaunty, fighting cock stride. There is a delicacy of the skill which sends murmurings and ripples up through the terraces. The urge is to shout Olé and pass the wineskin. The ball is his "muleta" and how many English defenders have lunged, bull-like, into empty space? But perhaps most of all, more persuasive than the fine, arrogant profile, it is the clear and courageous

our game." Bob Paisley was dubious about the move, too, and especially so after his Liverpool had pounded Spurs into the ground at Anfield, by 7-0. Aston Villa won 4-1 at White Hart Lane and manager Ron Saunders was similarly dismissive. Sure, Ardiles looked good on the ball. Sure, his passes were threaded with the perfection of some divine seamstress. Sure, he was a tough little hombre. But all that money for one gifted sparrow! Tommy Smith, in the colours of Third Division Swansea, re-inforced the point with a clattering tackle which left Ardiles a wounded, waning influence

No, really."

The Ardiles house is new, pleasant, but of a modest scale. It is sandwiched between those of his compatriot Villa and the Arsenal forward Alan Sunderland. Ardiles drives a new Austin Princess. He is a devoted father, happily indulging for hours the whims of four-year-old Pablito . . . "little Pablo" . . . and the baby Federico. His wife Sylvia shares her husband's enthusiasm for the new country and when homesickness begins to bite a relative, a sister or an aunt, flies in from Argentina. You wonder if Ardiles ever questions his decision, ever

# Spurs do it the South SUPERSTAR

eye for every possibility at the heart of the action. He smiles when you express surprise at the slimmness of his physical resources, his success at withstanding the openly aggressive attentions of every aspiring hard man in English football, and he tells you: "Football is a physical game, I know, but it is not important the size of a man's body. What is important is the size of his brain . . . how he is able to use what strength he has." He taps his forehead and smiles again.

## Kicked

There is no smugness in the smile. Which is another achievement. If ever a man had much to prove before a sceptical audience it was Osvaldo Ardiles at the end of summer 1978. Remember the mingled outrage and mirth which greeted Keith Burkinshaw's flight to Buenos Aires and his outlay of £750,000 for Ardiles and his World Cup colleague Ricardo Villa? Ardiles, the probing, waspish little star of World Cup, 1978, would be obliterated in England's mid-winter, they said. Cliff Lloyd, secretary of the professional Footballers Association, talked of a disastrous initiative, a blighting of the hopes of young English players. More cynically, it was said that Ardiles would be kicked out of the English game, that the bruising, relentless pressure of 42 First Division games and Cup action would leave him spent, a small, burned-out shell.

Bristol City manager Alan Dicks had a typical reaction after his team had contained Tottenham at White Hart Lane in early season. "All this fuss about two Argentine players is ridiculous", he declared. "They have been dressed up as superstars because of the World Cup, the television exposure. They will have difficulties week in and week out in

on a League Cup tie which the Welsh club eventually won.

Surely, you ask, a one-way ticket to Buenos Aires must have seemed tempting at the time? Ardiles, lost on the large sofa in the lounge of his new home near Cheshunt, frowns, shakes his head. "People who thought I might be intimidated, might be kicked out of English football, made a very big mistake. I came to England without illusions. I knew that it would be a tough league. I think there are three hard leagues in the world. Germany, Italy, and England. By hard I mean that every match will be difficult and there will be a physical pressure. Of these three I believe England is the hardest. So I knew I was coming to a difficult challenge. Because we got praised so much for winning the World Cup people in England talked about me and Ricky (Villa) being super-stars. We didn't think that way. We knew we were good players and we were determined to play good. Ricky has had some time out of the first team. But he was patient. He knew he would get his chance again and he knew he would be able to take it. It has happened. Sometimes I have been given some hard treatment. But I have a brain. I know how to deal with it. People do not offend me in the knowledge that they can do so without risking some reply." He taps his forehead again. And smiles once more.

His English has progressed as smoothly as his feel for the nuances of the British game. He is a lawyer from a family of lawyers. He says: "I have signed a three-year contract with Spurs and of course I will look at my future when that time is up. But I can tell you I like English football, I like the atmosphere of it, and I love London very much. It is maybe the greatest city in the world. You know, I could spend all my days here. It would be no hardship.

wonders whether Spain would have been a more logical resting place for his talent. He shakes his head briskly: "The Spanish public can be very bad, so very partisan. When Mario Kempes came over to England with Valencia I had some long talks with him and it was clear to me that things are not going so well for him. The crowds in the big cities, Madrid and Barcelona, are hostile towards him. They are very critical and I think he feels much strain. I watched him play against West Bromwich and he wasn't the same player that he was in the World Cup. This is very bad. Mario, in my opinion, is the best player in the world. He is so quick and so strong and he sees possibilities so sharply. It is wrong that he should not be enjoying his football too much. Of all the players in the World Marito . . . 'little Mario' . . . should be enjoying his football. I grew up with him in football. He has always been dedicated. In the summer of 1978 he reached a peak. Whenever he had the ball he was dangerous. He was direct, so menacing. Maybe he could come to England. Maybe to Tottenham" Ardiles pronounces Tottenham as "T-o-t-t-i-n-g-h-a-m." He looks wistful when he mentions the name Kempes and you ask if it has not been frustrating at times to deliver passes of some precision to unresponsive colleagues.

When you ask this question a picture flashes in front of your eyes. It is of Ardiles swooping on to a ball in midfield, weaving beyond one tackle, then another, and then releasing the ball which goes through the cover system like a wire cutter through soft cheddar . . . only for a Tottenham front-runner to be offside and for Ardiles to turn sharply, head down, shoulders shrugged. You wonder if he is not thinking that moment in Spanish . . . a language rich in lurid curses. Again he smiles . . . and shakes his head. "Sometimes when something like this



happens, I have to think 'was that the right ball to give, maybe it was my mistake'. You cannot create something in a few weeks or a few months. You can begin to build something up. This we have done at Tottenham. Every day I feel I have some more understanding with the boys. One of the problems in football is that people don't realise that you need some patience. They think you can have a little talk, a little training, and then everything is okay. Perfect. It can't be so. In football you have to understand the habits of the other players. It all takes time. But the progress at Tottenham is good."

Over 10 yards he is murderously quick. The other day I was talking to Francis Lee and Bobby Charlton. They were raving about him. I agreed. We beat Spurs at Old Trafford but Ardiles gave us no end of trouble. One second there was no problem . . . the next Ardiles had made something out of nothing. You came off the pitch wondering what he would have done to us if Spurs had one or two men up front who could cash in on his brilliance. If Spurs are to have any success in the First Division they just have to get onto that little man's wavelength. If they can do that they

could be going places."

It is a remarkable tribute from a man not easily given to high praise. It also defines the scale of the Ardiles achievement. In the wake of his bruising confrontation with the little man Tommy Smith declared: "Ardiles can expect plenty of that treatment. We play it hard in England. People aren't going to lay off because he was a big hit in Argentina. Ardiles will find that the Football League is a tough one."

Tommy Smith was thus revealing a certain ignorance of the perceptive qualities of the man in question . . .

# American way with ARDILES

By James Lawton

In that last sentence you can see a measure of the success of Keith Burkinshaw's venture to South America. Why spend that much on midfield players when your defence is screamingly porous?, went one of the early-season questions fired at the manager's head. Burkinshaw can say that his move at least gave Tottenham the coherence in the middle of the park to take some of the pressure off a weak defence. And it also supplied Spurs with a quality they plainly lacked as they prepared to return to the First Division. Ardiles and Villa brought a combination of the highest class and the composure which accompanies real experience. Of all the imports into English soccer Ardiles has shown the greatest consistency of will, the firmest determination to make a real sustained impact.

## Tributes

Certainly England manager Ron Greenwood has seen no reason to revise his original greeting to Ardiles. He said at the start of last season: "It is short-sighted to object to the arrival of someone like Ardiles. His presence can only benefit the English game, show at first hand that skill can triumph in our game. Of course it will be difficult for him to adjust. But I'm sure he is capable of doing this."

He has done so with such success that Lou Macari, Manchester United and Scotland midfield man, was declaring before last Christmas that he had already voted for Ardiles in the PFA Player of the Year elections. Macari was schooled under Jock Stein. He is a hard, skilled little operator totally without sentiment; a man with a legendary talent for grasping weakness in an opponent. This is his assessment of Ardiles: "He has a lovely balance, perfect control. I've never seen anyone read a situation so quickly.







**RICARDO VILLA**

It is possible to see very big, strong players who do not really apply their strength when it matters. I always try to make sure that I'm strong when it matters. That is the secret of football, you know . . . timing."

There is no question that Ardiles is running most impressively of all the foreign mercenaries in the English game. His compatriot Alberto Tarantini has had a desperate time at Birmingham City, his skills lost in the struggles of that club. Alex Sabella at Sheffield United is universally praised for the delicacy of his game, but there is a shaking of heads when the talk covers that crucial area of physical presence, a willingness to indulge in serious combat. There was a time when a fourth Argentinian, Ardiles' Spurs colleague, Ricardo Villa, seemed to be at crisis point. But he remained patient and if his torch does not burn so consistently as that of Ardiles there is no question about his class. Arnold Muhren has also established such quality at Ipswich . . . but the Dutchman had a long and wearisome wait for Bobby Robson to successfully adjust the style of the Suffolk side. Ivan Golac, Southampton's full back, has had no such problems. He comes in behind Ardiles in any chart of successful imports.

What is beyond dispute is that the opening of the gates has indeed brought some irrigation to the fields of English football.

## Favourites

Ardiles is emphatic about his liking for the English game. "I don't think", he says, "you would get the same challenge each week, the same excitement before a game. In other countries you have some hard League matches each season . . . but there are the weeks when you know you face an easy game. In England there are no easy games. There are three outstanding teams. . . Liverpool, first in my opinion, Nottingham Forest, and maybe West Bromwich Albion. But below these teams everything is difficult. You have to fight so hard to get something from every game. I have my own favourite players here. They are many. Liverpool is an incredible team. All the players at Liverpool are good. The best in my opinion is Dalglish. He is a World player. He is so dangerous. Always you have to watch him. When he is quiet he is also very dangerous. I like also very much the one . . . yes, Souness. A very clever player. He is always thinking about something very aggressive with the ball.

"At Nottingham, John Robertson has to be watched. If you give him room he makes it very hard for you. Gemmill is always running at you. Very difficult. At West Bromwich there is of course Regis . . . very strong boy, very strong . . . and Cunningham who has much skill. I like too the one with the moustache . . . what is his name? Brown. A desperado. Always likely to do something. Good shot. Peter

Shilton is maybe the best goalkeeper in the world. I find it very hard to choose between Shilton and Jaime Fillol. I would be happy with either one in my goal."

Names race from Ardiles' lips. He has his son Pablito on his knee, fondling his head gently. The sofa is littered with newspapers and magazines, mostly in Spanish and mostly to do with football. Sylvia brings in some coffee. "I forget Alan Sunderland of Arsenal," says Ardiles with a grin. "He is a quick forward and he lives next door. I have to mention him. Also there is Brady of Arsenal. Great skill."

He smiles again. He is easy, relaxed. His English gets better every day. It is not difficult to understand why. The man who was to be kicked back to Buenos Aires by Christmas, 1978, is unscathed. He has brought distinction to an unsophisticated team. He has shown a rare and diligent character. He has comforted young and desperate colleagues, encouraged them with his skill and his perception. It has been, to use the old bullfighting expression, a study of grace under pressure.



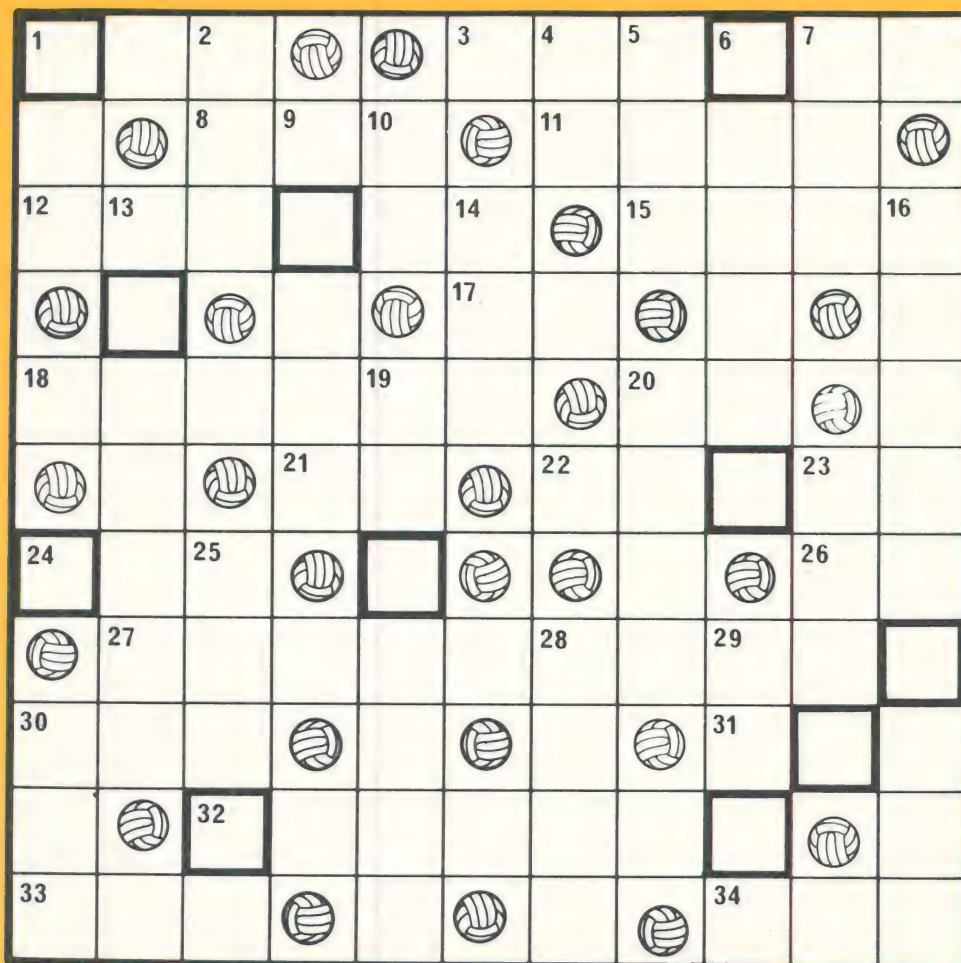
**KENNY DALGLISH**

and also a poor sense of history. Argentina has produced some reasonably hard professionals, Senhor Antonio Rattin perhaps springing most vividly to mind. Such an oversight was committed more recently by John King, captain of the Northern Premier League side Altrincham who were so overjoyed at forcing an FA Cup replay at White Hart Lane the directors took flash-bulb pictures of each other celebrating. King clearly hadn't kept up to date with the Ardiles situation, early on in the game administering some attention which might be described as being on the robust side of vigorous. He paid a high price. Ardiles, apart from conjuring a penalty, administered some subtle physical retribution. It's not easy to imagine Ardiles executing physical punishment. He is above all a thinker, much of his spare time being spent on such exotic footballing ground as The British Museum, the National Gallery and the Tate. "The National Gallery is really wonderful", he says. "So many treasures". But about the business of an eye for an eye out on the pitch? "Of course you cannot allow yourself to be intimidated. When you have skill you want to play, you want to produce the purest football you can. But if someone is determined to foul you, unfairly stop you, you have to show you are quite tough too. My weight has never worried me.



# GO FOR THE DOUBLE

After solving the clues in this specially compiled crossword, you can use the letters in the thick-edged squares to form the name of a Leeds United defender. Answers on page 112.



## ACROSS:

- (1) Forename of then England team manager, knighted in 1967.
- (3) ----sto-- Ground (Brighton & Hove Albion). Gilded from the omissions.
- (8) Reverse three letters from Ibrox Park to give a sphere.
- (11) Close to.
- (12) Edgar --; Hereford United's ground.
- (15) Unexpected drawback.
- (17) Jock Ste--, Scotland team manager.
- (18) Skin discolouration caused by a blow or kick.
- (20) Tony --rry of Manchester City.
- (21) --merset Park, ground of club in 31 Across.
- (22) Mickey --, Q.P.R. striker.
- (24) A ---merston Park, home of Queen of the South.
- (26) Exclamation needed to complete Jimmy --rvey of Arsenal.
- (27) Laurie --, West Bromwich Albion player.
- (30) -- Glover, former Leicester City winger.
- (31) -- United, Scottish Division One club from clue 21 ground.
- (32) They won the F.A. Cup and Football League Championship double in 1970/71.
- (33) Steve P---yman of Spurs.
- (34) Steve --, Wrexham player.

## DOWN:

- (1) Irving Nattr--- of Newcastle United.
- (2) Bob Latch---d, striker with Everton.
- (4) Millwall, The Li--s.
- (5) -- Strong, Fulham defender.
- (6) Peter --, former Derby County defender.
- (7) Period of time from Coleraine (Irish League club).
- (9) Cyrille --, West Bromwich Albion player.
- (10) John --ck of Fulham.
- (13) Raised standing accommodation - as around most grounds.
- (14) Obtain the same score or number of points.
- (16) Arsenal striker or midfield player. (6 & 3)
- (19) Graeme --, Liverpool midfield player.
- (20) -- Avenue, Southport's home.
- (23) The --, ground of Halifax Town.
- (25) B---dell P--k (Grimsby Town) needs a touch of the moon!
- (28) The record highest number of goals scored by a player in a F.A. Cup match (Ted MacDougall, Bournemouth v. Margate, 20th November, 1971).
- (29) 50 per cent from the omissions in S--w-ie-d Stadium, Glasgow.
- (30) Bobby --, Sunderland Cup medal-winner.



**There's a 70-30 ball in mid-field. The player with the 30 per cent chance goes in like a tank. The ball breaks from the tackle to another opponent. The player picks himself up and chases back in pursuit. He overhauls the opponent on the edge of his own penalty box, slides across with a right-footed tackle and prods the ball away to a team-mate. Again, he's on his feet in a flash to receive a return pass. He runs 15 yards before pumping a long ball out to the left flank, and continues his sprint into the opposition half, one arm stretched out ahead to indicate where he wants the return. He's still at top speed when the cross comes over, and there's a crunching collision with two defenders as he gets the header in. The ball flashes over the bar, and the player is left sitting on the turf grimacing with pain and exertion, yet waving away the trainer.**

**By GRAHAM TURNER**

about it; talk about the two World Cup Finals he's played in, and he says they're bad memories; try to probe into his private life, and he clams up; ask him to give opinions on other players, and he tells you to judge for yourself. He's relatively poor interview material, but sensational material for the photographers.

To coin a phrase, his actions speak louder than words...

Neeskens in action is as simple and uncomplicated as his personality suggests. He's an impressive athlete; he does everything with determination and ferocity. He treats each game with a single-minded pursuit of victory. He embarks on his odyssey of tackling, heading and shooting with the controlled arrogance of a panzer.

Taking a historical look at Neeskens' role in football, he's perhaps the 1970's successor to the famous Nobby Stiles of England's World Cup-winning team. Basically, Stiles' job was to win the ball for his side and preferably give it as quickly as possible to his gifted midfield creator Bobby Charlton. Neeskens has much the same role. He goes in where it hurts, and comes away with the ball. And, instead of

available to a club player in Europe by the time he was 22. Where did he go from there?

The answer was in search of honours at international level, and it was his outstanding play for the Holland team that confirmed him as an international star. Once again, his role in the Dutch team was to win the ball in midfield and supply the raw material for the inspirational work of colleagues such as Cruyff, Rep, Resenbrink and Van Hanegem.

Holland stuttered their way through their qualifying group for the 1974 World Cup, edging out Belgium on goal-difference, and looking unconvincing. But by the time they arrived in West Germany the squad had ironed out their financial differences with the F.A., and manager Rinus Michels had moulded them into a deadly unit.

Holland's exciting performance in 1974 has gone down in the annals of soccer history, and Neeskens has improved on the Stiles blueprint by adding dynamic attacking flair to his primarily destructive role. He scored five times, which gave him second place in the scoring charts

# WARRIOR

Bobby Charlton, he's had (virtually throughout his career) another of the world's most gifted creators at his side—Johan Cruyff.

Born in Heemstede, Holland, on September 15th 1951, Johan Neeskens proved himself as a schoolboy to be a good all-round athlete. Oddly, his first major recognition as a sportsman came when he was selected to represent Holland at... baseball!

## All-Rounder

Soccer success came early for Neeskens too. In 1969 he made his international debut for Holland, though at that time the 18-year-old newcomer didn't make undue impact in a team that seemed light years distant from the Holland team that was to thrill the world in 1974.

But Neeskens' club, Ajax, were poised to make their international breakthrough. Inspired by a temperamental youngster called Johan Cruyff, they'd served their "apprenticeship" on the European scene and acquired the experience necessary for sustained international success. They had reached the 1969 European Cup Final, only to be overpowered in midfield by AC Milan and run out 4-1 losers.

But two years later, Ajax were back to begin their run of three successive European Cup wins, with Neeskens playing an important role, first in the back-four and later in midfield.

Add in two Supercups and one Intercontinental Cup, and the young Johan Neeskens had won every honour

behind Poland's Lato. Much has already been said about the skills of front-runners Cruyff, Rep and Resenbrink, but the world began to realise that Neeskens' ball winning in midfield was both the stumbling block for opposition moves and the launching pad for Holland's attacks.

By this time, Barcelona had acquired Johan Cruyff's services by paying Ajax £900,000, and the manager Rinus Michels was also in Spain. So, weeks after the 1974 World Cup, Johan Neeskens was en route for the Catalan side. Cruyff's father-in-law, Cor Coster, had master-minded a £400,000 transfer and had secured the 23-year-old a contract worth £40,000 a year plus around £12,000 in salary and bonuses.

What Johan didn't realise was that, because of Spanish regulations governing the number of foreign players permitted, Barcelona's Peruvian striker Hugo Sotil had to be sidelined for a complete season to make way for him—and Sotil was the idol of the fans.

His reception was therefore lukewarm, and other players might have been floored by a combination of World Cup "hangover", a move to a foreign country and a sensation of being less than welcome. Fortunately, Johan's boyish enthusiasm for the game hadn't been turned into cynicism by the World Cup defeat, and his aggressive dynamism and 100-per-cent commitment soon won him the acceptance of Barcelona's 90,000 stalwarts.

"At the beginning I lived in Johan Cruyff's pocket. I didn't know the country and I didn't speak the language, so naturally I had to lean on

In a way, that cameo is enough to sum up Johan Neeskens. Believe it or not that sequence was at the beginning of a pre-season friendly match (!) when I had wandered down to the touchline and was taking a look at the proceedings through about three feet of telephoto lens. The huge magnification made it impossible to follow the general play, so I chose to follow Neeskens. I watched him running, walking, jumping, tackling, heading... and paid no attention to anyone or anything else. After seeing him do what amounted to the equivalent of an Olympic Pentathlon in something under five minutes I walked back up to the Press box thinking that, in a way, photographers should participate more in written journalism because their view of a player is often more microscopic than the general panorama offered to journalists up in the Press seats.

I've emphasised the "photographic" side of Johan Neeskens because, if you're like me, you'll have seen plenty of pictures of the Dutch midfielder in the world's Press, but few words. And this goes a fair way towards describing the 28-year-old Holland star. Johan is (honestly) one of the nicest and unassuming players I've met, but try to switch from casual conversation to a "serious" interview, and his answers tend to be so simple, obvious and uncomplicated that you come away with the feeling that you haven't got enough material for a "story" in the usual journalistic sense.

Touch on a controversial subject and he says he doesn't like talking



him. Our wives were together a lot, too. Later on, the Spanish Press made a big thing about my 'split' with Johan, but really we're not anything like the same personalities, and of course I tended to be more independent when I found I could stand on my own two feet.

"I've decided not to set up any business while I'm still playing. In Holland I opened a restaurant and discotheque and that gave me nothing but headaches. I left some friends to run the business, and they really took me for a ride. They took me for everything they could get, and now I wouldn't trust my own mother! We've bought a house, but the rest of my money is safely tucked away."

Back to Cruyff... and Neeskens admits that without Cruyff life on the pitch was "very, very different. His has suffered without the counterfoil of the creative genius, and his confidence has evaporated. Cruyff's absence was worrying from before he set off for the 1978 World Cup, and he told me "Holland won't do anything without Cruyff. I don't think we'll get very far."

Having said that, he proceeded to

do his utmost to prove himself wrong, though a niggling injury problem kept him out of Holland's matches. "Let's not talk about the Final—I was bitterly disappointed, and so were the rest of the squad."

Neeskens' tigerish and abrasive tackling certainly isn't to everyone's liking, though most fellow professionals agree that his tackles are hard, but without malice. Some think otherwise, and Brazil's Luiz Pereira (in Spain with Atletico Madrid) was sent-off during the 1974 World Cup for taking horrible vengeance on the Dutchman.

In the 1978 Final, Argentina's captain Daniel Passarella was lucky not to suffer a similar fate after flattening Neeskens with a hefty thump in the face. "After the match", says Passarella, "we met up to do the dope tests together and didn't say a word about it. We just had a friendly chat. He's a really nice guy."

Dope tests apart, Neeskens' "apres-match" routine usually involves cleaning the blood and muck off his legs and bandaging the most serious of the knocks and gashes he's received during the game. He just grins, shrugs

and accepts the "blood and thunder" as part of a days work.

Even Rinus Michels got tired of journalists asking after Neeskens' health: "Look, his style of play means that he's *always* injured. Let's just say that if it's anything serious I'll tell you."

"Football is a hard game," says Johan, "and you just go out there and take the rough with the smooth."

I remember receiving a Dutch book on soccer violence which contained a whole chapter of photographs showing Neeskens coming out best or worst in a series of bone-crunching tackles. I showed it to Johan and asked him to translate the title for me.

A bright glint of approval came into his eyes. "Football Is War", he said.

# NEESKENS



*Neeskens missed Cruyff when he left Barcelona.*







LEFT ... Although games kick-off at 3 o'clock, the United regulars start to arrive well before then, many opting for the traditional fans' pre-match lunch of fish 'n' chips. Although The Reds' supporters have a bad name, there is very little history of hooliganism at Old Trafford, proving, perhaps, that the real trouble-makers are "fringe" fans from other parts of England, not the local fans.



LEFT ... This invalid supporter and youngster get to the ground at 2.15pm.

RIGHT ... Sadly, many League grounds now have fencing, but being "caged in" does not dampen the spirits of the Old Trafford youngsters.



BELOW, LEFT ... General view of the approach to the stadium, with the Souvenir Shop a "must" for many supporters.

BELOW ... The "team" controlling the teams. Referee John Hunting with linesmen A. Jones (left) and R. Guy (right). In the front, the United ball-boys.







The famous Stretford End.

# AT MAN. UNITED...

The action begins... and Joe Jordan and Jimmy Greenhoff are thwarted as Everton's Mike Lyons (centre) heads clear.







# ...AND MATCH DAY AT BARCELONA



## ABOVE

You don't get this at Old Trafford! Folk dancing in the streets leading to the stadium.

## LEFT

Fans arriving at the Sarrià Stadium in the Avenida de Sarrià, Barcelona. The capacity of the ground is 40,000, with 13,300 seats. Barcelona's Nou Camp is over twice the size, but 40,000 Catalan fans make quite an atmosphere in this tight, but picturesque stadium. Espanol are not just a football club, like many foreign clubs; they also have hockey, rugby and athletics at the stadium.

## RIGHT

This is Barcelona's Nou Camp stadium with action from a UEFA Cup game against Levski of Sofia. Barcelona are very much the city's "giants", with nine Championships to Espanol's none.





When the local derby in Barcelona takes place the Catalan capital comes to a standstill... except around the streets of the stadium, where thousands of fans make a colourful scene. Here is match day at the Sarria Stadium, home of Espanol, when they met city rivals Barcelona.

OPPOSITE PAGE, TOP, FROM LEFT... More than 500 police were on duty at the game, some on foot, some on horses, but there was no trouble and inside the ground the fans were happy to sing and chant for their heroes.

ABOVE... An Espanol player is injured during the match.

RIGHT... A selection of souvenirs on sale.





# INFLATION HITS

## How costs have risen over the years

**B**ack in 1923, you could have paid your way into the first-ever Wembley F.A. Cup Final for a minimum admission of 10p.

Nowadays the official Programme costs you five times as much! Mind you, other things in football were also a bit different then.

The record transfer-fee in 1923 was £5,250—and the players' maximum wage £8 per week during the season, and £6 per week for the rest of the year.

Nowadays, of course, the transfer spiral has peaked the £Million mark—while, on the wages front, it seems the sky's the limit. The two factors are very clearly connected—and the pound-or-so minimum admission we pay to watch League football in England now may well seem quite cheap in a few years' time.

But League secretary Alan Hardaker has a very valid point when he claims: "First-class soccer is still the cheapest form of live entertainment in our islands."

See how much it would cost you

to watch, say, the Bee Gees perform live on stage compared with watching Liverpool perform live on the pitch.

And British football always has been—and probably always will be—cheaper to watch than in most other countries of Europe and beyond.

When the maximum-wage regulations were, quite rightly, abolished in 1961 . . . 99% of fans, equally rightly, said "And not before time, either."

### Minimum admission

What they all too conveniently forgot, though, was that the players' wages had to be found somewhere—and, in soccer, that virtually means one of two things.

The short-sighted (if, sadly, sometimes inevitable) way of unloading your best players to other more prosperous clubs—or else putting up admission-charges. And, talking of raising those charges, it's interesting to see how they've moved since normal

peacetime football was resumed in 1919 after the end of World War I.

Then the minimum admission was increased from 6d (2½p) to a shilling (5p)—and there was comparatively little movement at all for the next forty years and more.

But compare those modest rises with the really hefty increases during the last decade or so.

1919	1s (5p)
1942	1s 3d (6p)
1951	1s 6d (7½p)
1955	2s (10p)
1960	2s 6d (12½p)
1965	4s (20p)
1968	5s (25p)
1970	6s (30p)
1972	40p
1975	65p
1977	80p
1978	£1





# SOCCER

As Sir Harold Wilson once said: "One man's wage-rise is another man's price-rise!"—and that applies just as much to soccer as anything else.

But one sobering thought concerns soccer played abroad. In many foreign countries, the fans pay double, even treble, the amount paid by British fans to watch their favourite sport.

Of course, there have been many other factors as well—increased bills for rates, administration, ground maintenance, equipment, travel and hotel requirements, etc.—but it must still be acknowledged that players' personal demands have been more than a bit responsible for the increase in minimum admission charges from 12½p to a pound since the maximum-wage regulations were abolished.

Good luck to the players. Their's is a short career—and one which, with just one unlucky turn on a greasy pitch, could come to a halt at any moment of any match—and they're entitled to look to their own interests.

But like it or not, someone has to pay. And, although the precise percentages obviously vary from one club to the next, this is a fairly typical breakdown of how your admission-money is used.

## Facing a similar fate

70% for players' wages and requisites; 10% for travel, hotel, and match expenses; 5% for ground expenses, police, referee and linesmen, and medical expenses; 4% for rates and rents, lighting, heating, water, and cleaning; 4% for administration, postage, printing, telephone, staff wages, and billposting; 4% for interest charges and general depreciation; and 3% for repairs, renewals, and sundry items.

It's not quite the comforting thought it might seem that only one post-war club—Accrington Stanley in 1962—has actually gone bust while football League members . . . for a handful of others are nowadays, at least potentially, facing a similar fate. Or, at best, almost living from one kick to the next.

Some have virtually been saved from extinction through lotteries—which, in the short-term have proved vital life-savers.

In the long-term, though, the basic income has to come in through the turnstiles—and regularly, at that. And that's something which should concern every follower of the game. Where, you may ask, do you come in? There's only one place, on match-days—and that's through the gates of your local club!

If not . . . you just might not have the chance at all well before the 1980s are out.

**RIGHT**  
*Smiles all the way from m££lon pound Trevor Francis and his wife, Helen, after Brian Clough had broken the transfer record early in 1979.*



**BELOW**  
*Fulham fans flock to see the return of George Best in a League game against Bristol Rovers at Craven Cottage.*



**OPPOSITE PAGE**  
*Three supporters of Accrington Stanley at Peel Park who followed the club all their lives. Accrington went bust back in 1962.*

**RIGHT**  
*Head groundsman Bob Smith of Derby County tries to beat the Big Freeze of 1979.*





**F**ORTUNATELY I enjoy travelling because being a professional footballer with Manchester United and Scotland means I have to spend a considerable part of my life playing abroad.

Thanks to football I've visited places that most people only dream about, or see on T.V.

There's a new experience around every corner and you get the opportunity of playing against the world's top clubs and stars.

Flying doesn't particularly bother me, either. Although I hate hanging around in airports, waiting for delayed flights, or for some industrial dispute to be settled.

My old Leeds and Scotland pal Billy Bremner absolutely hates flying. As brave as a lion on the field, Billy is scared as a rabbit in the air. Terrified.

The most tortuous journey by air I've experienced was after a match in Rumania with Scotland a few years ago.

I was with Leeds United at the time and had been ordered by the then manager Don Revie to join the team at their holiday headquarters in Marbella, Spain.

Because there were no direct flights available, I had to fly from Rumania to Yugoslavia on to Munich and then London. After several hours at Heathrow it was on to Malaga. Then I took a taxi all the way to Marbella.

The journey seemed never ending, the most boring of my life. I still can't understand how I managed to catch all the connections and arrive at my destination.

Still, I made up for the journey in Marbella—one of my favourite holiday spots.

Spain is a delightful country, especially Marbella and Majorca; a heck of a contrast to Rumania, the

first country I ever visited. That was during the 1972-73 season.

I had only been with Leeds a year or so and was included in the team that was to play a Quarter-Final second-leg European Cup-Winners' Cup-tie against Rapid Bucharest.

My first impression of the country was the weather—it was freezing, snow and ice everywhere including the pitch we played on.

But the conditions didn't affect our performance. Leeds won the game 3-1 to take the tie 8-1 on aggregate.

The result was the only bright spot of the trip. The whole place was so

depressing and drab. No one seemed to smile. Maybe it was forbidden.

The other lasting memory of Bucharest was our dressing-room in the stadium. It was fully carpeted and had a settee and armchairs. More like a hotel lounge.

Our Semi-Final opponents in the Cup-Winners' Cup that season were Hajduk Spilt.

Leeds won the first-leg at Elland Road 1-0, so as you can imagine we travelled to Yugoslavia for the return with mixed feelings. A team usually needs at least a two goal lead from their home tie to stand a chance away.

# 'PLAYING ABROAD ISN'T ALL FUN'



Scotland's John Robertson, Willie Donachie and Sandy Jardine enjoy a sunshine breakfast in their 1978 World Cup hotel.



Although Yugoslavia was another Iron Curtain country it was completely different to Rumania. The people were more relaxed and friendly.

We stayed on the coast at Split and made many friends among the local people. I'll never forget Yugoslavia—or the fact Leeds held our opponents to a 0-0 draw to progress to the Final—and a match against AC Milan in Salonika in May, 1973.

I've fond memories of Greece as a country—not the Final or the build-up.

Rumours were flying around the whole week at Goodison Park that our manager Don Revie was leaving to take over Everton.

There was great speculation in the Leeds camp, which was situated in a beautiful spot way up in the hills above Salonika.

Revie was cagey about the whole business, and all the British reporters wanted to know was if the rumours were true. The actual Final was only briefly mentioned.

Anyhow, Milan beat Leeds 1-0 in

## my soccer world **GORDON McQUEEN**

the most one-sided and ill-tempered game I've ever had the misfortune to play in. I came on as a substitute for Terry Yorath.

We had 98 per cent of the play, but were beaten by an early goal from a free-kick by Chiarugi and a deplorably biased referee. He was a disgrace. Following an enquiry by U.E.F.A., I believe he was suspended.

Most of the 45,000 fans in the stadium were Greeks and they were all on our side.

Leeds received a standing ovation at the end and had to do a lap of honour. All the victors got were boos and jeers, plus a hail of cushions, empty cartons and anything else the spectators could get their hands on.

Since then I've visited most of the European countries, including Scandinavia. The only places I've yet to see are Finland and Luxembourg.

Mind you, footballers don't really get much opportunity to take in many of the sights when playing abroad.

Usually it's straight to your hotel, then training the next day, the match and back home.

I didn't even get time to see much of West Germany in 1974, when I travelled with Scotland's World Cup party that year.

The squad stayed in a lodge in the hills about 35 miles from Frankfurt.

The Lodge contained every conceivable facility—luxury with a capital "L".

But because of strict security arrangements no one was allowed outside the grounds.





One evening Billy Bremner, David Harvey, Jim Holton and I asked the then manager Willie Ormond for special permission to spend an hour or so at a nearby disco.

After lengthy discussions with our security officer he agreed—as long as we were accompanied by two soldiers armed to the teeth with automatic weapons and machine guns.

The reason for the concern and protection was the tragic shootings and deaths of several Israeli athletes during the Munich Olympics in 1972.

There was also stringent security arrangements for the 1978 World Cup Finals in Argentina . . . again because of fears of terrorist action.

Sad that guns, soldiers and possible deaths are now part of our sporting life.

The whole trip was a bad dream. . . a nightmare for me and Scotland.

As you know because of injury I did not play, and apart from a win over Holland when it was too late, Scotland were a disgrace.

We stayed in a dreadful hotel 30 miles outside the city of Cordoba.

The facilities were diabolical. We lived on vegetable soup, chicken and steak for a month. It wasn't bad I suppose, but we would have liked a bit more variety.

The lads couldn't even relax with a swim. Oh, there was a pool all right, but it was empty!

Because of security, no one was allowed in or out of the hotel. Soldiers were everywhere, making the whole atmosphere very tense.

I firmly believe these conditions had a great deal to do with Scotland's poor performances against Peru and



Iran.

The people of Argentina are tremendous, so is the country. I hope to go back one day.

Another South American country I must visit again is Brazil. I was there on tour with Scotland in June, 1977 and fell in love with the place and its inhabitants.

Derek Parlane and I were injured and had to stay in Rio de Janeiro, once the capital of Brazil, while the rest of the team went on to play matches in Chile and Argentina.

Naturally, we were disappointed having to miss the games, but I can think of no better place to be while recovering from an injury.

Rio was magic and Derek and I had the time of our lives. The place buzzed with life and excitement the whole time. Every night is party night in Rio.

And those beaches . . . miles and miles of golden sands full of gorgeous girls sunbathing and kids playing football. Brazil must have more potential soccer stars than every other nation put together. The kids live and breathe the game out there.

Derek and I spent a lot of time on the famous Copacabana beach. A bit different from Blackpool.

Last summer I went on another unforgettable trip . . . to the United States with Manchester United.

I suppose the best spot for me was Hawaii . . . a paradise in the Pacific. Honolulu was unbelievable. I expected Dan O, or Steve McGarrett to appear at every street corner. Honestly it was just like the T.V. series . . . colourful and exciting.

Travelling all over the world has given me an appetite to try my luck playing abroad sometime. Maybe Spain or America.

Apart from the obvious financial rewards, it would be a tremendous experience. But for the present I'll stay at home with Manchester United and Scotland.



**Billy Bremner (above left) hates flying. Gordon believes the conditions in Argentina had a great deal to do with Scotland's poor performance against Peru and Iran (all white).**



# NOBBY

THERE  
ISN'T  
MUCH  
I DON'T  
KNOW  
ABOUT FOOTBALL



OH, NO? WELL  
HOW MANY  
HOLES ARE  
THERE  
IN  
THE  
BACK OF A NET?



FIVE THOUSAND, SIX HUNDRED  
AND FORTYEIGHT  
TO BE PRECISE!



THAT'S ABSOLUTELY AMAZING!



NOT  
REALLY,  
PAL -

HE SPENDS  
MOST OF A  
GAME COUNTING THEM!



*None*





Apart from their amazing run of success since returning to the First Division at the end of the 1976-77 season, Nottingham Forest have made vital contributions to soccer history.

They were the first club to adopt shinguards (1874), the referee's whistle (1878-until then handkerchiefs were used), three half-backs (1885), the crossbar instead of tape (1891) and oval-section goalposts.

Forest also hold the record for the highest away win in the F.A. Cup competition, beating Clapton 14-0 in 1890-91 . . . and in 1909 a local derby produced the biggest ever First Division victory when Leicester Fosse were slammed 12-0.

They are the only club in the Football League which is not a limited company, so have no directors. Instead

# NOTTINGHAM FOREST

## England's top club in the 1980's?



MAIN PICTURE . . . Roy Dwight (extreme left) scores for Forest in the 1959 F.A. Cup Final against Luton.  
INSETS . . . Bob McKinlay (left) and Johnny Carey (right).





their affairs are run by a committee.

The club has also a romantic link with Arsenal.

When the Londoners were founded in 1886, they were so hard up they couldn't afford to buy a playing strip. A Nottingham-born member of the club appealed to Forest for an old set. They duly obliged and Arsenal have played in red-and-white ever since.

The history of Nottingham Forest began 21 years earlier in 1865, as the direct result of shinney—a 19th Century form of hockey which was popular in the neighbourhood.

A shinney club called Nottingham Forest, because they played in an area North of the city which was once part of the famous Sherwood Forest, suddenly found they were losing supporters to a neighbouring soccer team, Notts County.

Forest challenged County (formed in 1862) to a game of football, beat them, and decided they enjoyed that form of sport more.

So Nottingham Forest turned to soccer and made rapid strides, reaching the F.A. Cup Semi-Finals in 1879, 1880 and 1885 when they held the famous Scottish club Queen's Park to a replay—in the only Semi-Final to be played outside England.

But a fine F.A. Cup record didn't help to win Nottingham Forest (don't call them Notts Forest, they hate it) a place in the newly-formed Football League in 1889—probably because the League officials didn't like the idea of including two clubs from the same city.

Three years later, however, Forest gained entry straight into the First Division when the Football League absorbed the Football Alliance. Forest were the Champions that season.

In 1891, the club celebrated their first real success, when they beat Derby County 3-1 at Crystal Palace to win the F.A. Cup. It was to be more than 60 years before Forest enjoyed another major triumph.

Forest's First Division career during their early days was inconsistent to say

the least and in 1906 they were relegated to the Second along with Wolves.

True, they won promotion the following season, but by 1911, were back in the Second—where they remained until 1922 when they came back up as Champions.

Forest's fortunes from then on hardly shattered the record books. Relegation to the Second in 1925 was followed by a drop to the Third in 1949.

The long, lean years of mediocrity ended with their return to the First Division in 1957 under the guidance of manager Billy Walker, a former player.

The club's second F.A. Cup triumph came two years later when they beat Luton Town at Wembley

**BELOW... Fire at the City Ground in August, 1968.**

**RIGHT... Welsh international Terry Hennessey**





despite playing for most of the match with only ten men.

Roy Dwight, scorer of one of the Forest goals, was carried off with a broken leg. Tom Wilson hit their second.

Also in the side at Wembley were two great servants of the club—centre-half Bob McKinlay, who made more than 614 League appearances between 1951-1970 and wing-half Jack Burkett, who clocked up a total of 503 League matches before retiring in 1962.

During the swinging Sixties, when The Beatles set new trends and records in the pop world, Forest made less noise as a First Division club.

By 1963, Johnny Carey, with Tommy Cavanagh as his first team trainer, had taken over from Andy Beattie as manager.

New players arrived in an attempt to revive a Forest side that had lost confidence and hope.

Terry Hennessey was bought from Birmingham for £50,000, Joe Baker and John Barnwell from Arsenal for around £100,000 and for considerably less, Alan Hinton from Wolves.

Already at Forest were centre-forward Frank Wignall, winger Ian Storey-Moore and Henry Newton, stars who helped the club end the 1966-67 season as Championship runners-up to Manchester United and F.A. Cup Semi-Finalists.

While Carey generally bought well he made a costly mistake in parting with £100,000 for Jim Baxter.

At Rangers the stylish Scot had established himself as one of the finest midfielders in Europe. But his move to Sunderland in May, 1965, saw the beginning of an amazing decline in form, brought about by



**ABOVE ... Super 'keeper Peter Shilton.**

**BELOW ... The men who took Forest to the top - Brian Clough and Peter Taylor.**

mounting off-field personal problems.

At Forest, Baxter also failed to justify a manager's faith in his ability and 50 first team matches later was allowed to return to Glasgow Rangers on a free transfer.

Johnny Carey had left before then, though. Towards the end of 1968 he had been succeeded by Matt Gillies, who had resigned from Leicester, another struggling club.

Any predictions that Forest would set the soccer scene alight came true on 24th August, 1968, when the main stand was completely destroyed by fire during the game against Leeds United. Fortunately no one in the 34,000 crowd was injured.

Forest's fight for First Division survival wasn't helped by the sale of Terry Hennessey, Henry Newton and Ian Storey-Moore. By the early 1970's eight players had been transferred for £600,000—and the club had been relegated to the Second Division.

In November, 1972, the legendary iron-man of soccer Dave Mackay took over from Matt Gillies, and hope again returned to the City Ground.

He made sweeping back-room changes. Bob McKinlay was dismissed after 21 years with the club. Des Anderson replaced him as chief scout. The axe also fell on coaches Frank Knight—33 years at Forest—and Alan Hill.

The playing talent was there all right, such as 'keeper Jim Barron, defenders Bob Champman and Liam O'Kane, midfielders Tommy Jackson and George Lyall and forwards Duncan McKenzie, John Galley and Neil Martin.

But the necessary application and dedication seemed missing, and despite Mackay's presence Forest never really looked capable of winning promotion.

After just 11 months in charge, MacKay quit to take over from Brian Clough and Peter Taylor at neigh-







Scottish International sweeper Kenny Burns.

bouring Derby County. Because of a hitch in the Ian Storey-Moore transfer, there was friction between the two clubs.

Allan Brown left Bury to step up into the Forest hot-seat, by now one of the toughest jobs in football.

Brown lasted longer than Dave MacKay—13 months to be precise. He was sensationally sacked by the committee in January, 1975, on the eve of a vital Third Round F.A. Cup tie against Tottenham at the City Ground. Managerless Forest drew 1-1.

By the time Forest arrived at White Hart Lane for the replay five days later they had a new boss—Brian Clough, suitably rested after a spell out of the game following his brief, but controversial 44-day reign at Leeds United. His famous assistant Peter Taylor didn't join him at the City Ground until July, 1976, after leaving Brighton.

With Clough in charge anything was possible—as Forest proved by sensationally winning at Spurs, thanks to a lone goal from Neil Martin.

Brian Clough soon returned to Leeds, though, to sign John O'Hare and John McGovern for £60,000, less than half the purchase price when they were transferred from Derby to Elland Road.

Frank Clark, with over 400 first team games for Newcastle behind him, was signed on a free transfer. Archie Gemmill arrived from Derby . . . Sean Haslegrave from Stoke and the giant Larry Lloyd from Coventry.

Clough and Taylor won the club promotion in 1976-77 and set about establishing Nottingham Forest as the most talked about and certainly most successful club ever to return to the First Division.

The Clough magic may not have worked at Leeds . . . it had a spell binding effect at Forest.

Men such as Frank Clark, Ian Bowyer and Martin O'Neill, rated by many experts as "finished", or

"past their best" were suddenly transformed into stars of what was becoming a super team.

Clough paid Stoke City £250,000 for Peter Shilton a player he described as: "The best goalkeeper in the World. I'd have paid a million for him if I had to. He's worth at least 15 points a season to us."

Clough also paid around that amount to get Kenny Burns from Birmingham, a defender who had a reputation as being one of "soccer's

problem boys." The Forest boss soon tamed him and utilised his skills to the best advantage.

Tony Woodcock, previously loaned out to Lincoln and Doncaster, won England honours. . . John Robertson played for Scotland. . . young Garry Birtles became a star overnight. . . full-back Viv Anderson became England's first black full cap.

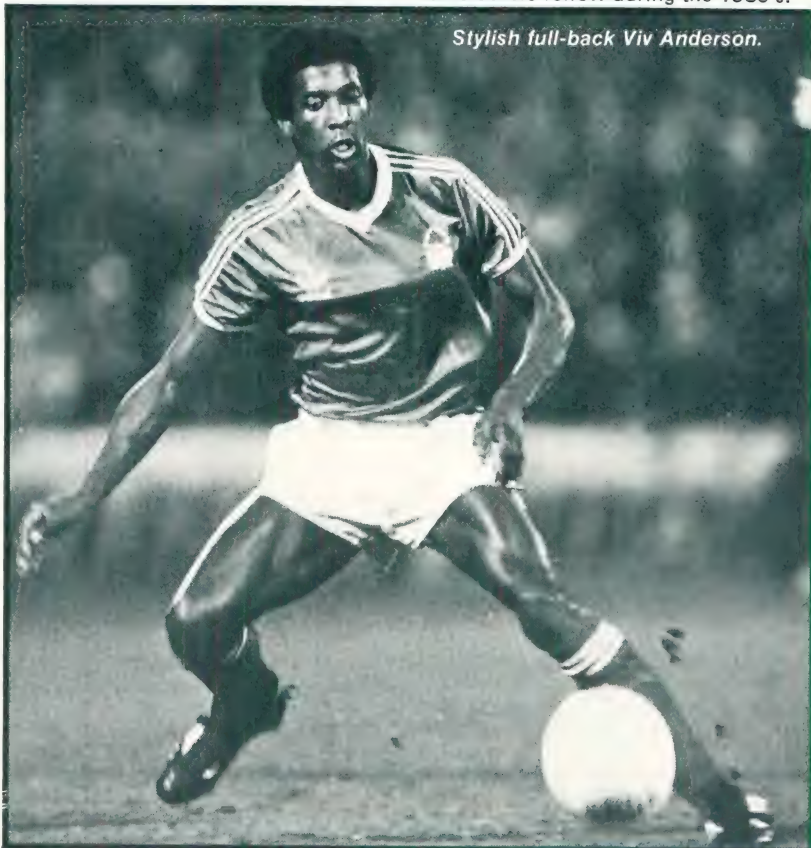
In 1977-78, the season after winning promotion by the skin of Brian Clough's teeth, Forest took the League Championship for the first time in their history. They also won the League Cup. Brian Clough was Manager of the Year . . . Peter Shilton the PFA's Player of the Year . . . Tony Woodcock the PFA's Young Player of the Year and former "football delinquent" Kenny Burns won the Football Writers' Association Footballer of the Year award.

Forest weren't finished collecting records, though. Midway through the 1978-79 season they established a new Football League unbeaten record run of 42 First Division matches.

That incredible feat of consistency was ended by Liverpool—the team Forest knocked out of the League Cup and European Cup last season—at Anfield.

Forest also became the first club ever to hold on to the League Cup for a second successive year by beating Southampton 3-2 in a Final remarkable for its high quality football and non-stop excitement. Forest then reached the European Cup Final in Munich.

Liverpool set the standards during the late 1960's and 1970's. Nottingham Forest could well be the club others follow during the 1980's.



Stylish full-back Viv Anderson.



# CAREER HIGHS AND LOWS... of ALAN SUNDERLAND

It was like a dream for Alan Sunderland when he got to the F.A. Cup Final just six months after joining Arsenal.

But the 1978 Final against Ipswich turned into a nightmare for the £200,000 striker.

He didn't live up to the form that had brought him three goals on the way to Wembley. And hot favourites Arsenal put on one of their poorest performances of the season to lose 1-0. If it hadn't been for the woodwork, the defeat would have been a lot heavier.

**"Wembley dressing-room like a morgue..."**



Alan is felled by Ipswich 'keeper Paul Cooper.

Says Sunderland: "The worst thing about it was that none of us could explain our poor showing. For some reason, we couldn't find any sort of form."

"It was terrible afterwards. The dressing room was like a morgue. Every player dreams of going to Wembley and yet there I was, feeling worse than I'd ever felt after a game."

"We still had a banquet afterwards, but even after a few drinks, I couldn't forget the game. And it's been haunting me ever since."

"I suppose the only way to get it out of your system is to go back and get a winners' medal."

The Final was a disappointing end to what had been a fabulous season for Sunderland. Apart from moving to Arsenal and getting to Wembley, he'd been picked for the England B side.

And on the path to the Final, he'd scored one of the goals that helped his new club beat his former Wolverhampton team mates 2-1 at Highbury.

It looked, in fact, as though his goal wasn't going to be enough to prevent him going back to Wolves

for a replay. But Malcolm Macdonald scored the winner in the dying seconds.

But the happiest moment of Sunderland's life also came during that 1977-78 season—the day he signed for Arsenal.

"I'd been on the list for a few weeks without anyone making an offer for me and I had begun to wonder whether I'd move or not. Then the manager told me Arsenal were in and I travelled down to London the same day. I signed 24 hours later."

"Everyone has always said that Arsenal's something a bit special and now I know that it's true. Everything about them is big. Everything's first class."

"But I hadn't even thought about going to them when I went on the transfer list at Molineux. I was born in Yorkshire and I'd always had a soft spot for Leeds. So I had a little secret hope that they might come in for me."

"Naturally, when Arsenal came in, I forgot about that. It's a once in a lifetime opportunity."

"I know some Northern people are wary of London and several players have turned down moves here. But I love it—and my wife and children have settled in well, too."

"I enjoyed my stay at Wolves and I was sorry to see them struggle to stay in the First."

"But how many players get the chance of joining a club like Arsenal? They must be one of the best known clubs in the world."

"The day I signed for them was the happiest of my career—and I've been in two F.A. Cup Finals already."

**"...Joining Arsenal - my happiest day"**

Alan with Arsenal boss Terry Neill.





# CAREER HIGHS AND LOWS... of FRANK WORTHINGTON

When Frank Worthington was on the groundstaff at Huddersfield, all the other lads used to talk about winning the Championship or playing in the F.A. Cup Final.

Not Frank. All he wanted to do was pull on the white shirt for England. And he was such a confident youngster that he told the other lads that he would play for his country one day.

His chance finally came in 1974 when he stepped off the Wembley bench to come on as substitute against Northern Ireland. In all, he's made eight full appearances for England.

Says Worthington: "It had always been my ambition to play for my country and I enjoyed every minute I was on the field for them.

"It was a level where I felt I belonged. Some players are very good for their club but can't quite bridge the gap to international level. But to me, it was natural playing at that standard. My only regret that I don't have more international caps."

It seems a pity that such a talented forward, who's played for Huddersfield, Leicester and Bolton, hasn't had more opportunity for his country.

He expected a recall when Ron Greenwood, who'd once wanted to sign him for West Ham, took over as England manager.

Worthington was doing exceptionally well with Bolton at the time and says: "I knew Ron Greenwood had been to see me and as he favours skilful players, I thought I was in with a chance of a recall. But it never came.

"Still no one can take the memory of those other England appearance from me. I'll always treasure those."

His whole career might have been different, of course, if he'd signed for Liverpool in 1972. The Anfield club agreed to pay Huddersfield £150,000 but pulled out after the medical report showed that Worthington had high blood pressure.

That was the worst moment of the striker's career. He knew he'd been partying a bit too much but the doctor's verdict was shattering.

"I took that as a warning to slow down a bit. Professional athletes are supposed to look after their bodies but I'd been abusing mine. I was out four, sometimes five nights a week. I was living a bit too fast for my own good."

To recover from the shock, Worthington went on a recuperating holiday to Majorca—and went through an horrific experience that he thought to be a nervous breakdown.

Fortunately, it didn't last long and it wasn't long before he'd

"...Turned down  
by Liverpool"



"Playing for  
England..."



Frank (number 9) scores  
England's second goal against  
Argentina.

recovered enough to move to Leicester for £65,000.

He also devoted himself more than before, impressing enough at Filbert Street to win those England caps. Then he went to Bolton to be the last piece in manager Ian Greaves' promotion side of 1978.

He's shown a lot of character to shape a career for himself after that setback of 1972. But he still can't help himself thinking about what might have been at Anfield.

"I'm not the sort of person who lives in the past. I like to get on with today. But it's only natural that I sometimes have twinges about Liverpool.

"There are times when I look back at all the things they have won, League Championships, F.A. Cups, European Cups, and think that it could have been me.

"I've done pretty well since—but it was a terrible moment when they told me the deal was off."



# CAREER HIGHS AND LOWS... of **KEVIN KEELAN**

**K**evin Keelan always tells friends that he's got the best pair of bookends that he could ever want.

He's referring to the tankards he got after finishing on beaten Norwich sides in the League Cup Finals of 1973 and '75.

They're the sort of disappointments most players would want to forget. But not Keelan, who's been at Carrow Road for 16 years.

"I think Wembley holds something special for every professional footballer. It's a very emotional occasion, playing there, and the adrenalin runs a bit faster than in any other game.

"Our 1975 defeat by Aston Villa was probably the most disappointing for me because it was decided a split second after I'd saved a penalty.

"The kick was taken by Ray Graydon, I leaped across and pushed it out, but it went straight back to him and he slipped it in the net. When you've saved a penalty in a Wembley Final, you reckon you deserve a bit more luck than that.

"Even so, as I've said, going to Wembley on those two occasions were the high spots of my career. Even better than twice winning promotion to Division One.

"When we first went up in 1972—actually winning the Second Division Championship under Ron Saunders—we were a very fit and physical side.

"We really stuck to our jobs then



Leicester v. Norwich,  
F.A. Cup, 3rd Round,  
January, 1979.

**"Degrading  
Third Round  
defeat..."**

and Ron got the last pint of blood out of us. But under John Bond, we've become much more of a footballing side.

"He's unbelievable, our gaffer, really. And the team has a lot more ability than the one that won promotion under Ron Saunders."

The second promotion came, of course, in 1975, and since then Norwich have been proving themselves worthy First Division material.

Keelan, who is set to break Norwich's all-time appearances record, has a contract that will keep him at Carrow Road until 1981—the year of his 40th birthday.

Yet in all his 16 years at Norwich, he can't think of a particular occasion that has really depressed him.

"It's gone pretty smoothly for me in that time. But the worst moment for me is whenever that ball goes into the net behind me—and each occasion that happens is as bad as every other.

"Of course, it makes it worse when they're silly goals, caused by a defensive error or even worse, by a mistake of your own.

"I suppose our 1978-79 Third Round FA Cup defeat at Leicester was as bad a moment as I've known in football. It was degrading really.

"We didn't play at all and what made it even more humiliating is that they hadn't been in particularly good form.

"At Norwich, we feel Cup defeats harder than losses in the League anyway. Traditionally, the city thrives on the club's Cup runs and the supporters don't like to see us going out without even putting up a good fight."

Keelan, who like wine, seems to get better with age, sees no reason why he shouldn't still be playing First Division football when he is in his 40s. He keeps himself fit and has so much experience that he can actually cut down on the diving round he does.

What he would like, before he quits, is a winners' medal at Wembley. "It would be marvellous to get one before I pack it in. But if not, I've still got my bookends to look at."

Keelan in action at Wembley in  
the 1973 League Cup Final.

**"...Winning  
League Cup  
'Bookends' "**





# CAREER HIGHS AND LOWS... of **SAMMY McILROY**

**M**anchester United's talented mid-field star Sammy McIlroy doesn't have to think about the proudest moment of his career.

It was the moment he pulled on the green shirt of Northern Ireland for the first time in 1972.

McIlroy, just 17 at the time, wasn't even a fully established United player at the time, having come into the team just three months' earlier.

He says: "I'd only played a few games for United and it came as a bit of a surprise when I was called into the Irish squad. Everything was happening just a bit too fast for me.

"It was really great to be called into the squad and I had no thoughts of playing in the actual game against Spain. I was just happy to be in the party and thought I would have to wait for my chance to get on to the field.

"But I was named in the team and that brought even more pressure on me. The thing was, I'd scored in my Manchester United debut so all the

**"My  
international  
debut  
in Spain..."**

papers were full of speculation about whether I could start my international career in the same way.

"I wasn't even thinking about scoring. I just wanted to get into the game and give a good account of myself.

"I was nervous enough as it was without the added pressure of people expecting me to get a goal. It was a tough debut, too, because the

Spaniards followed a tight-marking pattern and there wasn't much space out there.

"But under the circumstances, I thought I did pretty well. And I'll always remember that as a very special moment in my career.

"The only thing that spoiled it was that it wasn't at Windsor Park. The troubles in Northern Ireland were bad at that time, so we had to play at Hull."

McIlroy, who has played over 200 games for his club, has experienced many extremes of emotion during his stay at Old Trafford.

But for sheer misery, nothing can beat the 1976 FA Cup Final defeat by Southampton. United, one of the hottest favourites for years, were beaten by a goal from Bobby Stokes, who's since drifted into obscurity.

Says McIlroy: "It seemed that Southampton's name was on the Cup even before we kicked off. In the first 20 minutes, we did everything but score, and when that happens, you begin to wonder whether it's going to be your day.

"Nothing seemed to go right for us. In the second half, a cross came over from the right, Stuart Pearson flicked it on and I threw my head at it. It looked to be flying into goal, but it hit the underside of the bar and flew out again.

"Almost immediately, they broke at the other end and scored the goal that decided it.

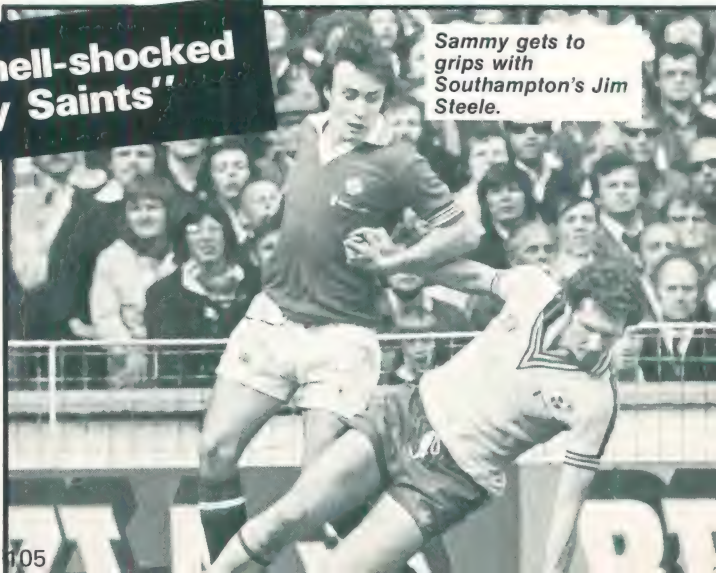
"We did, of course, go back the following year to win the Cup against Liverpool. But I can still remember how bad I felt after losing to Southampton.

"At the final whistle, I had just wanted to get back to the dressing-room as quickly as possible. We were all shellshocked. We had been expected to win by just about everybody and when you don't manage it, you feel as though you've let everybody down.

"My wife was there, my friends and my family, and I felt that I'd let every one of them down. We still had a good time at the reception afterwards, but I'd rather not go through that experience again."

**"...Shell-shocked  
by Saints"**

**Sammy gets to  
grips with  
Southampton's Jim  
Steele.**







Since his disappointment of being rejected by Leeds United on medical grounds, Asa Hartford has developed into one of the top midfield players in the First Division. The Scotland international joined West Bromwich Albion straight from school (above, sitting on ground, left). Once established in the first team, he quickly became a hit with team-mates and fans who loved his explosive runs and shooting. Asa played in the 1970 League Cup Final (below, second right) although Albion lost 2-1 after extra-time to the club he was to join four years later, Manchester City.

# STORY OF A STAR ASA HARTFORD







The then Leeds boss Don Revie made a £200,000 bid for the blond midfielder star and he looked to be on his way to Elland Road. A medical seemed a formality but it was discovered he had a hole in the heart and the deal fell through. Manchester City manager Tony Book (left) was prepared to pay £250,000 for Hartford and it has been proved since what a bargain Book got. Asa returned to Wembley for the 1976 League Cup Final and they beat Newcastle 2-1 (below, hand on the Cup). Asa (below left, third from right) with great Scotland fan and rock singer Rod Stewart before they travelled to Argentina.



As Scotland floundered in the World Cup Finals, Hartford (left) emerged as one of the few successes for his country. Hartford (below) shows his shooting power as he scores for Manchester City against his former club West Brom during the 1978-79 season.





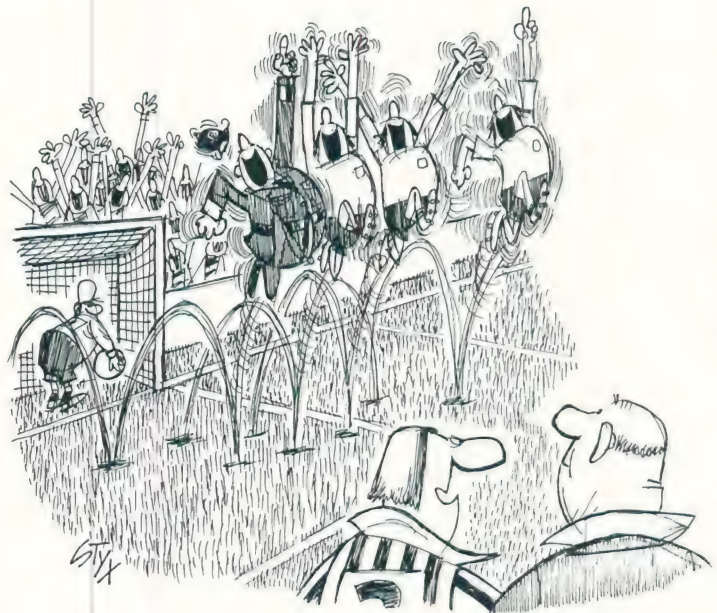


# COP THAT!



"Splendid, Higgins. Good to see you're keeping the fans in such good humour"

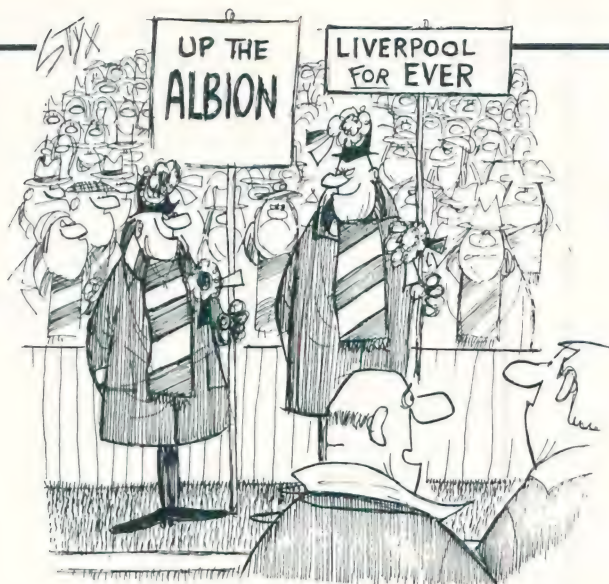
"Isn't that unfortunate - their number seven tripped over my foot"



"I'm fed up, ref. Every time they score, that copper joins in"







"That's about all we need - a needle match with two biased policemen"



"Don't worry, officer. He always wakes up after the ref disallows the goal"



"When their centre-forward broke through with only the goalkeeper to beat, did you blow your whistle?"



"Oh, Fred, aren't our policemen wonderful"



"When United scored, he squeezed my hand and gave me a kiss"



"Then he rushed on to the pitch and scored a beautiful goal with my helmet"



**C**ONTROVERSY has raged throughout Scottish soccer like out-of-control wildfire since the introduction of the ten-team Premier League five seasons ago.

Hardly a day goes past without a manager, a player or a fan having his say on the new set-up. "It's great for the game, some say. It will kill football, say others. There is widespread disagreement.

One manager may believe it is the greatest thing to happen in Scotland for decades while, across the city, another boss will shake his head wearily and tell you that it is a disaster.

Well, how good is the Premier League? Or, if you prefer, how bad is the Premier League? SHOOT has talked to the managers, the players and the fans in an effort to produce a balanced look at this testy subject. . .

Rangers were the first club to win the Premier Championship. The man who captained them to that historic victory was the indestructible John Greig, a player who typified everything that is required to be a good professional.



**ABOVE . . . Rangers won the Premier League and the League Cup in 1968. Here they are after beating Celtic 2-1 in the Final.**



**LEFT . . . Premier action from Ibrox as Rangers meet Hibernian.**

# Premier League GOOD OR BAD FOR THE SCOTTISH GAME?

Greig is now, of course, manager of the Ibrox team. He gives a lot of thought to his replies. He doesn't barge in and let his mouth run away with him. He thinks deeply, a man who does his research before speaking up.

It's a tribute to Greig's authority that he continually startles punters and experts alike with his deep knowledge of soccer not only in Britain but throughout the world.

When a sportswriter telephoned him last year to talk about the European Cup Greig left him almost breathless by talking at length about every team in the competition. He knew their up-to-date League positions, their star performers, their latest results and their injury situations. The writer was impressed, but he shouldn't have been surprised.

"The Premier League?" says Greig. "Yes, well it's certainly brought competition to Scotland, hasn't it?"

"There are no so-called meaningless fixtures now, that's for sure. There might have been a time near the end of some seasons when clubs knew they couldn't win the Championship and at

the same time knew they couldn't be relegated. That meant, really, that they were playing out time. There was very little incentive for the players.

"That's all finished with now. Every team has something to fight for. Look at the situation since the Premier League was born.

"Take Hibs, for instance. A couple of seasons ago they were being tipped as likely candidates for relegation after a string of bad results. But what happened? They finished up in Europe!

"That proves just how tight this League is. No one can be complacent. It would be soccer suicide in this Division to relax. A couple of bad results can send you hurtling down among the dead men!

"Two years ago Rangers were at the bottom of the League after only two games. We lost 3-1 to Aberdeen at Pittodrie and 2-0 to Hibs at Ibrox and immediately there was talk of a crisis.

"We finished up by winning the Championship, the Scottish Cup and the League Cup. Some crisis!

"There has been talk of extending the Premier League. Some bosses feel





that there is not enough room to breathe with only ten teams in the top Division.

"I suppose that is true, but look at it this way. Rangers go out to win EVERY game. We don't play for draws and defeats are unthinkable. I want my players to treat defeats as an insult and they do.

"So it really makes very little difference to us whether there are ten teams in the League or 12 teams or 14 teams or any amount for that matter. We just go out to win every game as it comes. We don't look ahead to a particularly dangerous or attractive fixture.

"Every game is treated on its own merit and our opponents get our utmost respect. That's the way I played it and that's the way I see it as a manager."

Greig's old friend and foe Billy McNeill is another of the young breed of managers who will make a great impact on the game with his deep thinking and varied ideas.

McNeill has already gone on record as saying the set-up needs time to prove itself and surely he has a point. After all, the Premier League is still in its infancy. Certainly it has had teething troubles, but last year must have been one of the most exciting in Scottish club football.

After a particularly entertaining match against Hibs—a fixture that always seems to present that little bit extra for the thrill-seekers—the Celtic manager said: "How can anyone complain about the Premier League when you see games like that?"

"Every fan got his money's worth today. There can be no doubt about that."

No one disagreed, and just in case you think it was a case of a happy McNeill because his side had just picked up two valuable points we must swiftly point out that Celtic drew 2-2 and had victory snatched from them by a late goal from Ralph Callaghan.



**ABOVE... Celtic, Champions in 1976/77.**

**LEFT... After captaining Celtic to so many triumphs, Billy McNeill is now their manager.**



**ABOVE... Jim McLean, manager of Dundee United.**

Another knowledgeable boss is Eddie Turnbull, of the Easter Road outfit. He has been successful with limited resources and when he speaks he always has something interesting to put on record.

"The Premier League is fiercely competitive," says Turnbull. "That's the reason it was needed in the first place.

"People complained of the lack of action. They wanted something meaningful and the Premier League certainly means competition.

"It's difficult to blood young players, though. You cannot pick and choose fixtures where it would be good to introduce a youngster. There just aren't any of these games going around.

"Every match is vital and there is no let up. Young players must go in at the deep end now."

Dundee United boss Jim McLean has often cried for a bigger League and the introduction of at least two more teams. He feels the League is being governed by fear. He feels that most sides believe that a point from a draw is a point won and not a point lost.

McLean also believes this attitude means a crackdown on the more cultured of Scotland's players who try to bring entertainment each week to the public who yell for excitement and entrancing play.

Graeme Payne, the slight, but extremely thoughtful Tannadice midfielder, has come in for some punishing treatment over recent years as defenders have tried to put a cloud over his very special talents. Sometimes the brilliance of Payne manages to shine through, but, on other occasions, the blanket is too thick for even his skills to find light at the end of the tunnel.

Payne says with refreshing honesty: "People say the English First Division and the West German Bundesliga are tough, but they should have a look at our Premier League.

"Okay, I know we lack atmosphere and that a huge crowd can make all the difference to the complexion of a game. Players thrive on big crowds and the sense of importance they can bring to a fixture. They can motivate you even without you knowing it.

"But this League is very, very combative. You can play a side on at least four occasions and that means you can be marked by the same defender on all of these occasions.

"By the end of the season he must know your strong points just as well as you do yourself! In this sort of set-up it is difficult to present something new, something that completely throws a defender.

"Possibly playing each other four times a season is a bit too much. The fans can get fed up seeing the same fixture repeated over and over again."

Morton skipper Davie Hayes joins the argument to say: "I think we were a more attractive side when we were in the First Division three years ago. When we came into the Premier we knew we couldn't afford to throw caution to the wind and go at our opponents in every game.

"That's not to say, however, that we are a purely defensive side. That would be nonsense. But it does mean that we cannot afford to take risks or gambles.

"This League is cut-throat, make no mistake about that. One minute you can be right up there and thinking about a place in Europe and within the space of three games you can be staring relegation straight in the face. That's what I call competition!"

The League was originated with the fans, of course, very much in mind. Attendances have gone up and down like a runaway elevator, but one thing is certain: some fixtures are losing their glamour.

Ten years ago you could be sure that every Celtic and Rangers Old Firm clash would be a sell-out with tickets soaring to ridiculous prices on the black market.

Nowadays that particular fixture just doesn't have the same fan appeal. There have been gaps in the terracings when these games have been played in recent years and that must surely prove that the fans can sometimes get too much of a good thing.

Six years ago SHOOT magazine looked at the Scottish soccer set-up and stated then and there that it would be good to see a three Division set-up come into being. At the time we said a top League should comprise of either 12 or 14 clubs. Possibly that will happen some time in the future.

Like Billy McNeill says, though, we must give this League a chance to settle, an opportunity to prove itself.

One thing is absolutely argument proof. . .there will be a lot more debate on this matter before everyone is happy. . .If such a thing is possible in this great game of ours!



# TONY FITZPATRICK

## a second "Billy Bremner"

No one needs reminding of the influence the dynamic Billy Bremner had on Scottish international soccer not that long ago.

Bremner, courageous and inventive, is the former Leeds United captain whose fiery skills in midfield were applauded and respected throughout soccer. Now, of course, Bremner has retired from playing and taken his

competitive spirit into the managerial game.

The mighty lion of Scotland hasn't roared so convincingly since Bremner bowed out of the international spotlight, but the good news is that there is a player now emerging as the natural successor to Bremner's role. His name? Tony Fitzpatrick, St. Mirren's energetic youngster who

became a Premier League skipper at the tender age of 20.

Fitzpatrick has already figured in Scotland's international plans, and the day when he moves into the big team cannot be that far away. Anyone who has watched Fitzpatrick in all-out action cannot fail to be impressed by his power and conviction.

Saints manager Jim Clunie admits he is getting a bit tired of the telephone ringing in his Lover Street office and another envious boss coming on the line and asking him to name his price for the player.

Fitzpatrick waits sensibly in the wings. He lets his soccer do his talking and that play is loud and clear. The boy has talent and only an unforeseen disaster will prevent him from displaying his talents on a consistent basis in the big-time.

Scotland, of course, haven't been lacking in midfielders in recent years. There was the superb combination of Don Masson, Bruce Rioch and Asa Hartford that provided the backbone of the team that got to the World Cup Finals in Argentina two years ago and then, unfortunately, started to fall apart!

Liverpool's thoughtful Graeme Souness is a rare diamond in a minefield and Nottingham Forest's Archie Gemmill has done his country proud with his run-all-day qualities.

Fitzpatrick also knows that there are other youngsters such as Bobby Russell, Tommy Burns, Roy Aitken, Eamonn Bannon and John Wark coming through. But, at the same time, he is confident in his own ability to make the break through. The key word in that sentence is confidence... NOT complacency—that is just not the young Saint's style.

"Tony is amazing," says his cultured Lover Street team-mate Iain Munro. "He seems to be everywhere on the pitch during a match. Every time you look up he is there looking for the ball, ready to help out a colleague."

"He's good in defence, midfield and attack. He combines all the skills in the game to make him a great team player as well as being a gifted individual."



### ANSWERS TO 'GO FOR DOUBLE'

ACROSS:—

(1) Alf. (3) Golden. (8) Orb. (11) Near. (12) Street. (15) Snag. (17) In. (18) Bruise. (20) He. (21) So. (22) Walsh. (24) Pal. (26) Ha. (27) Cunningham. (30) Len. (31) Ayr. (32) Arsenal. (33) Err. (34) Fox.

DOWN:—

(1) Ass. (2) For. (4) On. (5) Les. (6) Daniel. (7) Era. (9) Regis. (10) Be. (13) Terrace. (14) Tie. (16) Graham Rix. (19) Souness. (20) Haig. (23) Shay. (25) Lunar. (28) Nine. (29) Half. (30) Lee.

Jumbled Name: PAUL MADELEY.

### ANSWERS TO

### 'SPOT THE DIFFERENCE'

1: Spot on ball missing. 2: Halo smaller. 3: Spectator's cap removed. 4: Goalie's cap blackened. 5: Feathers missing from wings. 6: Forward's teeth altered. 7: Corner flag changed. 8: Full stop missing from "St. Cuthbert's." 9: Stud gone from goalie's boot. 10: Badge inserted on back's jersey. 11: Goal-line removed. 12: Finger missing from full-back. 13: Forward's shorts blackened. 14: Stripes missing from angel's boot.





Mick and goal-hero Roger Osborne with the Cup.

# The season Mick Mills didn't want to end

People often complain that there is too much football, but Ipswich captain Mick Mills can remember the time he didn't want the season to end!

It was 1977/78 when, in the space of a few days, he skippered Ipswich to their F.A. Cup Final victory over Arsenal... and then led England against Wales.

He remembers: "When things are going so well, you don't want them to end. Ipswich won the Cup and England went on to beat Wales, Northern Ireland, Scotland and Hungary. An unforgettable month."

Mills has been around a long time and has had his share of ups and downs since being released when Portsmouth scrapped their youth scheme.

For years, Ipswich looked like winning something, yet seemed doomed always to be second-best, just falling at the last hurdle. Until the 1978 F.A. Cup Final, that is.

Mills looks back and says: "It was so frustrating. We were so consistent, doing well in almost every tournament, yet somehow we never made it to the top."

"The team had been together for a while and had we not won the Cup... well, I don't know what would have happened. I certainly looked upon it as my last chance of a medal."

"We had played regularly in Europe and had done well, knocking out some of the Continent's top clubs. European soccer is so exciting, both for the fans and the players. It's an opportunity to see different players, different teams, different tactics. This experience can only be good all-round."

Of course, after that memorable Cup triumph, Ipswich hit a bad patch that had manager Bobby Robson both frustrated and angry. Injuries wrecked

his team-selection and there were murmurings of discontent amongst the players.

Mills, now 30, says they were all "grossly exaggerated" and prefers to talk about the good times.

Throughout his career Mills has been a sound, if unspectacular, professional. Capable of playing either at full-back or in midfield, he's one of those players who always seem to perform well.

It is, perhaps, surprising that international glory came rather late for him.

"I never gave up hope of making

an international comeback. I made my debut against Yugoslavia at Wembley in 1973 and came up against the great Dragan Dzajic at his best. Some baptism!"

It wasn't until 1976 that Mills played for England again, although since then he has been a regular member of the squad, if not the team, winning more than 20 caps.

"A player needs time to adjust to international football and this is where Ron Greenwood has helped us by giving people half a dozen matches, instead of one or two."

"When I captained England against Wales it was a dream come true,

especially on top of the F.A. Cup win.

"Mr. Greenwood made me feel as if I was part of the England set-up."

"I like the freedom he gives us and this has made England into an attractive and difficult to beat side."

"After being out of the international limelight for too long, he has taken England back somewhere near the top."

"The last two World Cups haven't been quite the same without England, and I don't say that just because I'm English. Certain countries ought to be in the Finals and England are one of them. Few foreigners would disagree."

"I just hope I can help us towards Spain, 1982."



Mick leads out England against Wales.





# STAR 'IMPORTS'

The 1978/79 Football League season saw several new faces from overseas and their presence helped brighten the game, whilst giving fans the chance to see how foreigners would settle in... they weren't disappointed. Here are the 'early settlers' in England.







OPPOSITE PAGE, TOP... Former Poland captain Kazimierz Deyna played 102 times for his country and has a reputation of being one of the classiest midfielders in the world.

OPPOSITE PAGE, LEFT... Joining a struggling Birmingham City side didn't help Argentine Alberto Tarantini, but the curly-haired defender showed much of the style we'd seen during the World Cup.

OPPOSITE PAGE, RIGHT... Southampton have a tough defender in Ivan Golac from Yugoslavia, who is ideally suited to the English game.

ABOVE... Ricardo Villa and Osvaldo Ardiles, who helped Argentina to become World Champions, have been a big hit with the Spurs fans.

ABOVE, TOP... Alejandro Sabella was relatively unknown when Sheffield United bought him from River Plate, but the Argentine's close skills soon had the supporters singing his praises.

RIGHT... Dutch midfielder Arnold Muhren has given the Ipswich midfield a new dimension.





# SUPERMACS



A few years ago a new word entered the vocabulary of big-time soccer—the word was “Supermac”. It was the title given by the sporting Press to Malcolm Macdonald when he was transferred from Newcastle United to Arsenal in August 1976 for the then record fee of £333,333. It may seem strange that the term “Supermac” should have been given first to an Englishman, for to most of us the three letters Mac appearing in a surname means that the player is a Scot. But it’s not true. Quite a number of famous soccer “Macs” were not born in Scotland.

The game is freely spiced with the names of “Supermacs”, although many of them have never been honoured with the title. So we thought we would take a look at some of the outstanding Macs.

First we will choose a team of Supermacs of the past. That’s not easy. There have been so many players worthy to bear the “Super” title. Men like Jimmy McGrory, of Celtic and Scotland, one of the greatest centre-forwards of all time. Between 1922 and 1938 the big Scot, who later became manager of Celtic, scored 550 goals in top class football and won every honour with the Green and Whites. He was truly a “Supermac”. Then there was another really great Celt, Jimmy McMenemy, brilliant midfield schemer, nicknamed “Napoleon”. During his brilliant career he gained seven Scottish Cup-winners’ medals. His two sons both won honours



as inside forwards, John with Motherwell and Harry with Newcastle. Talking of Celtic we cannot leave out their greatest centre-half and captain of recent triumphs, Billy McNeill, now managing the club with whom he spent his whole glorious career.

Rangers have had their “Supermacs”, too, but none greater than Bobby McPhail, masterly inside-forward and goalgetter, with a host of Scottish caps, Cup and League Championship medals, and of more recent times, Ron McKinnon, powerful centre-half, who played 28 times for Scotland. Among Ron McKinnon’s international team-mates were two very popular “English” Scots—Eddie McCreadie, of Chelsea, and Dave Mackay, Cup-winner with Hearts before his magnificent career with Spurs and Derby County.

But our selection of past stars for our team would not be complete without three magnificent Irish

ABOVE... Arsenal’s Malcolm Macdonald in action against Leeds United.

LEFT... Irish Supermac Bill McCracken.

BELOW... Jimmy McIlroy – a star for Burnley and Stoke.





"Supermacs". First is Bill McCracken, one of the fastest and most skilful full-backs of all time, who spent nearly 20 years with Newcastle United during which he gained Cup and League Championship medals and 15 Ireland caps. Incidentally, one of McCracken's team-mates during those glory days at Newcastle was Peter McWilliam—yes, another "Supermac". A brilliant wing-half he earned Scottish international honours and when he retired as a player with a nationwide reputation, added more laurels to his name as manager of Middlesbrough and Spurs.

But let us return to those Irish "Supermacs", and to one of the greatest inside forwards of all time, Jimmy McIlroy. During his wonderful career which spanned 13 years with Burnley (1950-63) and three more with Stoke City, he played 55 times for Ireland. One of Jimmy's colleagues in many of those Irish international sides was Alf McMichael, red-haired left-back of Newcastle United. (What a devastating defensive pair he and Bill McCracken would have made had they been contemporaries!) Alf McMichael wore the Irish colours in 40 internationals (1950-60).

We are left with one more outstanding Irish "Supermac" of the past, Peter McParland, whose dash, daring and deadly shooting on the left wing will never be forgotten by Aston Villa fans. Newry-born he played for Villa from 1953 to 1962 and virtually won the Cup in 1957 when he scored the two goals that beat Manchester United. He played 34 times for Ireland, the last of these when he had moved to Wolves.

Here then is our full squad of former "Supermacs". In goal we have Colin McDonald, of Burnley,

who won caps for England despite his Scottish name. For full-backs take your pick of Bill McCracken and Alf McMichael (Newcastle United) or Eddie McCreadie (Chelsea). The middle line is not easy to select because of the wealth of talent for those positions but what about Ron McKinnon (Rangers), Billy McNeill (Celtic) and Dave Mackay (Hearts, Spurs and Derby), with Frank McLintock (Leicester, Arsenal and Q.P.R.) as first reserve? Now for the front line—and Heaven help any defence faced by this quintette: Bobby McPhail (Rangers), Jimmy McMenemy (Celtic), Bob McGrory (Celtic), Jimmy McIlroy (Burnley) and Peter McParland (Aston Villa). What a pity they never had the opportunity to play together.

## Game of Century

Now comes the choice of the modern team.

For the goalkeeping spot we could have Peter McCloy (Rangers and Scotland). The full-backs could be Celtic's Danny McGrain (he picks himself!) and Gordon McQueen (Manchester United). Although not regularly a No. 2 or 3, Gordon's such a stalwart defender that he could play anywhere.

For the midfield trio from: John McGovern, whose inspiring example as Nottingham Forest captain has played such a terrific part in the rise of Brian Clough's team; Roy McFarland, sound as a rock centre-half of Derby County, whose 28 England appearances might have reached an ever higher total but for injuries; Sammy McIlroy, Manchester United's Irish midfield wizard with

tireless enthusiasm (no relation, by

the way, to Jimmy McIlroy, one of our former "Supermacs" team!); young Neil McNab, whose transfer from Spurs cost Bolton Wanderers a fee of £250,000; John McAlle, Wolves stalwart for so many years; and Alex MacDonald, one of Rangers' stars in their 1978 triple triumph. So there you are. Take any three from half a dozen tremendous midfield "Supermacs".

That leaves the front five. How about this quintette?

Tommy McLean, one of the outstanding right wingers in Scotland for some years and a great favourite with Rangers' fans. Then there's little Lou Macari, star of Manchester United, with enough skills to fill any position from number four to number eleven. For the leader of the line we must have the first player to be accorded the title of "Supermac"—Malcolm Macdonald.

To complete the front line we suggest Duncan McKenzie, a dazzling player on his day with a wealth of experience gained with Nottingham Forest, Leeds, Anderlecht, Everton and Chelsea. With Terry McDermott, Liverpool's livewire scorer of vital goals, he would complete an all-England left-wing partnership. That leaves no place for Ted MacDougall, one of the most prolific goalscorers of modern times, and Dixie McNeil, much travelled marksman extraordinary, who did so much to put Hereford and Wrexham on the map during recent seasons. But neither would weaken our selection.

What a tremendous game it would be if our two sides could meet. It would be "the game of the century".



**LEFT . . . John McGovern led Forest to the title in 1978.**  
**RIGHT . . . Former Chelsea player and manager Eddie McCreadie.**







Queens Park Rangers defender Ernie Howe tussles with Tony Woodcock of Nottingham Forest.



**DAVE WATSON**  
**Manchester City**





**H**ave you ever wondered how some of the famous football clubs in England and Scotland got their names? Tottenham Hotspur for instance. Well, it all happened way back in 1882 when a bunch of local pals held a meeting under a lamp-post in the Tottenham High Road to discuss the formation of a football team. Not that there was need for much discussion. All were in agreement—except for the choice of a name for their club. Eventually, on the suggestion of one of the lads, they decided to call themselves “Hotspur F.C.”

Why Hotspur, you may ask? Simple really. Most of the lads knew

*White Hart Lane, Tottenham.*



**HOW THE BIG CLUBS  
GAINED THEIR  
NAMES.**

# WHY TOTTENHAM

the thrilling stories of Henry Percy, son of the Earl of Northumberland, who fought to the death at the Battle of Shrewsbury many years before. Henry Percy was nicknamed Harry Hotspur, and his family, from whom came the Dukes of Northumberland, had close contacts with the North London district. Three years after their formation the Hotspur lads decided to change their title to Tottenham Hotspur, the name that was to become famous throughout the football world.

Then what about Sheffield Wednesday, another somewhat strange title for a first class club? The reason is simple. More than a hundred years ago the lads of Sheffield who were interested in cricket or football could only play on Wednesday afternoons, local early closing day for shop assistants. The first “Sheffield Wednesday” was a cricket club. A football section was started in 1867 and, of course, played under the same title as their cricketing colleagues. Strangely enough, Sheffield United also took their name from a local cricket club.

Much the same happened at Derby.

In 1884 the Derbyshire County Cricket Club decided to form a football section. So the first “Derby County” footballers turned out in chocolate, amber and blue jerseys and shorts—the same colours as Derbyshire C.C.C.

Location has had a lot to do with the choice of the names of several now famous clubs. For instance, Nottingham Forest. Why Forest? It’s quite a story. More than a century ago some of the Nottingham lads played a game called shinney, a form of hockey played with knobby sticks. Their games took place on part of Sherwood Forest, made famous by Robin Hood and his merry men. By 1865 Notts County had begun to attract the local sports fans so the shinney lads decided to accept the challenge and switch to Soccer. In an effort to retain something of their past they decided to call themselves “Nottingham Forest”.

Aston Villa might never have been heard in the top ranks of Soccer but for the “keep fit” efforts of a bunch of young cricketers from the Villa Cross Wesleyan Chapel. During the winter months they met regularly for a kick-about in the local Aston park. One day a young Scot named George Ramsay, working in the area, joined them and it was he who suggested they formed a proper club. The title they chose was “Aston Villa”

and George Ramsay not only became their first captain but remained with the famous club for 50 years.

The men who formed the first Soccer club in Devon in 1886 chose the title Argyle Athletic Club. Why? Because their first meeting was held in a house in Argyle Terrace, Plymouth. The title was changed to Plymouth Argyle in 1903. Crystal Palace also took their name from a building—the famous entertainment



**ABOVE ... Villa Park.  
BELOW ... 1914 F.A.  
Cup  
Final at Crystal Palace.**





pavilion with its two huge glass towers which overlooked the ground on which F.A. Cup Finals were played from 1895 to 1914. Workers at the Crystal Palace started their own football club in the 1870s but it achieved little success and folded up. However a new start was made in 1905. Much has happened since those days. The Crystal Palace was burned down but by then the club had found new quarters and today their only connection with the all-glass Crystal Palace is their name.

Of course there is another famous club whose title now bears no relation whatsoever to their original home—

played a bit of Rugby, most of them railway workers, who had decided to form a Soccer club. That meeting was held at The Alexandra Hotel—hence Crewe Alexandra.

In 1874 pupils and teachers at the Christ Church Sunday School, Bolton, started a football club under the title of Christ Church F.C. But life in those days wasn't easy. They played their game on all sorts of pitches and had to hold their weekly meetings in various places after the vicar had refused them permission to use the church hall. After three difficult seasons one of the team suggested that they were "wanderers". His joking remark led

it was obvious that only one of the two clubs could survive, so they decided to join forces under the title of Newcastle United.

There are interesting stories, too, of the birth of some of the well-known Scottish clubs. For instance do you know how Rangers and Celtic got their names? Well, it was in 1873 that the members of a rowing club at Gare Loch on the Clyde decided to form a football club. When it came to discussion on a title one of the lads remembered reading about an English RUGBY club called the Rangers. It seemed as good a title as any so the footballers decided to adopt it.

In 1875 a dozen or so Irishmen living and working in Edinburgh formed a club—Hibernian. Two years later Irish workers in Glasgow decided to follow in the foot-steps of their Edinburgh countrymen. Some of the Hibernian players were persuaded to help inaugurate the new Glasgow club—and that was how Celtic F.C. was born.

Before the birth of Hibernian the most prominent club in Edinburgh was Edinburgh Thistle, but they didn't last long and a new club was formed. At the inaugural meeting there were many suggestions for a title. Eventually one of the members mentioned the then popular Scottish song "Heart of Midlothian"—and that is how Hearts came into being. But there is nothing really strange about the title of Queen's Park. That was the name of the club's first ground in Glasgow. Clyde also took their title from the district in which they lived and worked—for most of the early players were dockers in the Clyde shipyards.

The League lists of today might contain many unfamiliar names if some of the clubs had retained their original titles. For instance, Millwall were once known as Millwall Rovers and later Millwall Athletic. Aberdeen's first title was Victoria United; Ayr United were once Ayr Parkhouse; Birmingham were — Small Heath Alliance; Bristol City were Bristol South End; Bristol Rovers were the Black Arabs; Burnley were Burnley Rovers; Coventry City were Singers' F.C.; Dundee United were Dundee Hibernian; Gillingham were known as New Brompton; Grimsby Town were originally Grimsby Pelham; Leicester City started as Leicester Fosse; Oldham Athletic were Pine Villa; Oxford United were Headington United; Southport were Southport Vulcan and Walsall Town Swifts became just plain Walsall.

# HOTSPUR?

Arsenal. As you may know the club was formed way back in 1886 by workers at the huge munitions factory at Woolwich. Their first title was Royal Arsenal F.C., which later was changed to Woolwich Arsenal. Today, however, the Gunners have no connection with any Arsenal, for in 1913 they packed up in South-East London and restarted at Highbury in North London. The word "Woolwich" was dropped from their title but Arsenal have since gone on to achieve the game's highest honours.

Crewe Alexandra also took part of their title from a building—a public house. It happened at a meeting of the members of a cricket club, who also

to the club changing their name to Bolton Wanderers.

That reminds us of another famous "Wanderers". In 1877 a group of teachers and pupils of St. Luke's Church, Blackenhall, started a football team. Among their local rivals were the Wanderers, but neither club made much progress. So in 1880 they decided to amalgamate. That's how Wolverhampton Wanderers arrived.

An amalgamation was also the reason for the arrival of Newcastle United. In 1882 there were two rival clubs in Geordieland—Newcastle East End (formed by the amalgamation of Stanley and Rosewood clubs) and Newcastle West End. Ten years later

**RIGHT...**  
Woolwich Arsenal,  
1914/15.  
**BELOW...** Celtic  
v Rangers last  
century.







Chelsea's Mickey Droy races to challenge Everton's goalscoring sensation Bob Latchford. Mickey Walsh looks on.



**ALAN  
GOWLING**  
Bolton





# Matches that made headlines

## F.A. CUP FINAL

IPSWICH TOWN (0) 1 v. ARSENAL (0) 0  
Wembley, Saturday May 6th, 1978

*Ipswich with the Cup after their well-deserved victory.*



# THE 'COUNTRY COUSINS'

IPSWICH, a side hit by injury, and given very little chance by most people outside Portman Road, produced the biggest F.A. Cup Final shock since Sunderland beat Leeds in 1973.

Arsenal, the overwhelming favourites, were contemptuously swept aside in this dramatic, often explosive Final.

The crocks from East Anglia completely outplayed the aristocratic city slickers from Highbury in their very first appearance in the Final of England's most glamorous domestic competition.

Three times Ipswich hit the wood-

work through John Wark and Paul Mariner, who looked real international class.

Twice, tremendous saves by 'keeper Pat Jennings prevented powerful, goal-bound headers from Kevin Beattie and George Burley from giving Ipswich a deserved lead.

Town skipper Mick Mills, Allan Hunter and the battling Burley, ruthlessly dealt with the few raids Arsenal could muster.

Only once in the first-half did The Gunners look dangerous, when Alan Sunderland headed wide.

Even Liam Brady, usually the heart and inspiration of Arsenal, failed to

stamp his mark on the game.

At half-time Ipswich should have been ahead, but ragged finishing had let them down and Arsenal off the hook.

Hero for Ipswich on a day when every member of the side was in magical form, was winger Clive Woods.

He teased, tormented and finally destroyed an Arsenal team which often used desperate tactics to stop him.

Arsenal right-back and captain Pat Rice had a nightmare afternoon, as Woods flashed past him time after time.

Ipswich Town's goal came in the



Roger Osborne is mobbed by happy team-mates after scoring.



## THE TEAMS

Ipswich Town: Cooper; Burley, Mills, Talbot, Hunter, Beattie, Osborne, Wark, Mariner, Geddis, Woods. Substitute: Lambert.

Arsenal: Jennings; Rice, Nelson, Price, O'Leary, Young, Brady, Sunderland, Macdonald, Stapleton, Hudson. Substitute: Rix.

## How they got there

### IPSWICH

Third Round: Cardiff City (a) 2-0.

Fourth Round: Hartlepool (h) 4-1.

Fifth Round: Bristol Rovers (a) 2-2  
replay 3-0.

Sixth Round: Millwall (a) 6-1.

Semi-Final at Highbury: West Brom 3-1.

### ARSENAL

Third Round: Sheffield United (a) 5-0.

Fourth Round: Wolves (h) 2-1.

Fifth Round: Walsall (h) 4-1.

Sixth Round: Wrexham (a) 3-2.

Semi-Final at Stamford Bridge: Orient 3-0.



## AFTER MATCH COMMENTS

Arsenal skipper Pat Rice:

'Obviously we are all sick. On the day the better team won because we did not compete as hard as they did. I just feel sorry for our fans.'

Ipswich skipper Mick Mills:

'We were a credit to the nation today. That was English football at its best!'

Terry Neill Arsenal manager:

'I am pleased for Bobby Robson, but just wish they had done it against someone else!'

Bobby Robson Ipswich manager:

'It's a great day for Ipswich and I thought we thoroughly deserved our win.'

Roger Osborne match-winner for Ipswich:

'The excitement of scoring was just too much for me. I was physically and mentally drained.'

Liam Brady Arsenal:

'I played rubbish. I came to Wembley expecting to win, but Ipswich were outstanding.'

# CAME TO TOWN—AND WON!

77th minute, just as Arsenal had their fans believing in miracles.

Woods—who else?—flicked the ball through to David Geddis who beat Sammy Nelson and squared the ball.

Willie Young tried to clear for Arsenal, but simply succeeded in giving the ball to Roger Osborne who hammered it into the net.

He had finally beaten a brave Pat Jennings, perhaps the only Gunner to emerge with credit.

Osborne, injured in scoring the winner, went off to deafening cheers.

He deserved them... so did Ipswich for a performance that did themselves and football proud!

## MATCH FACTS

This was Wembley's 50th Final.

Receipts of £500,000 were a new record.

Dorset referee Derek Nippard and his linesmen broke a new ground record at the Final whistle when they completed a lap of honour. Mr. Nippard, 47, was in his last season as a Football League referee.

It was the day the hooligans stayed away—there was no serious trouble inside or outside the ground. Both sets of fans stood and sang "Abide With Me" in a way long forgotten at Wembley Finals.

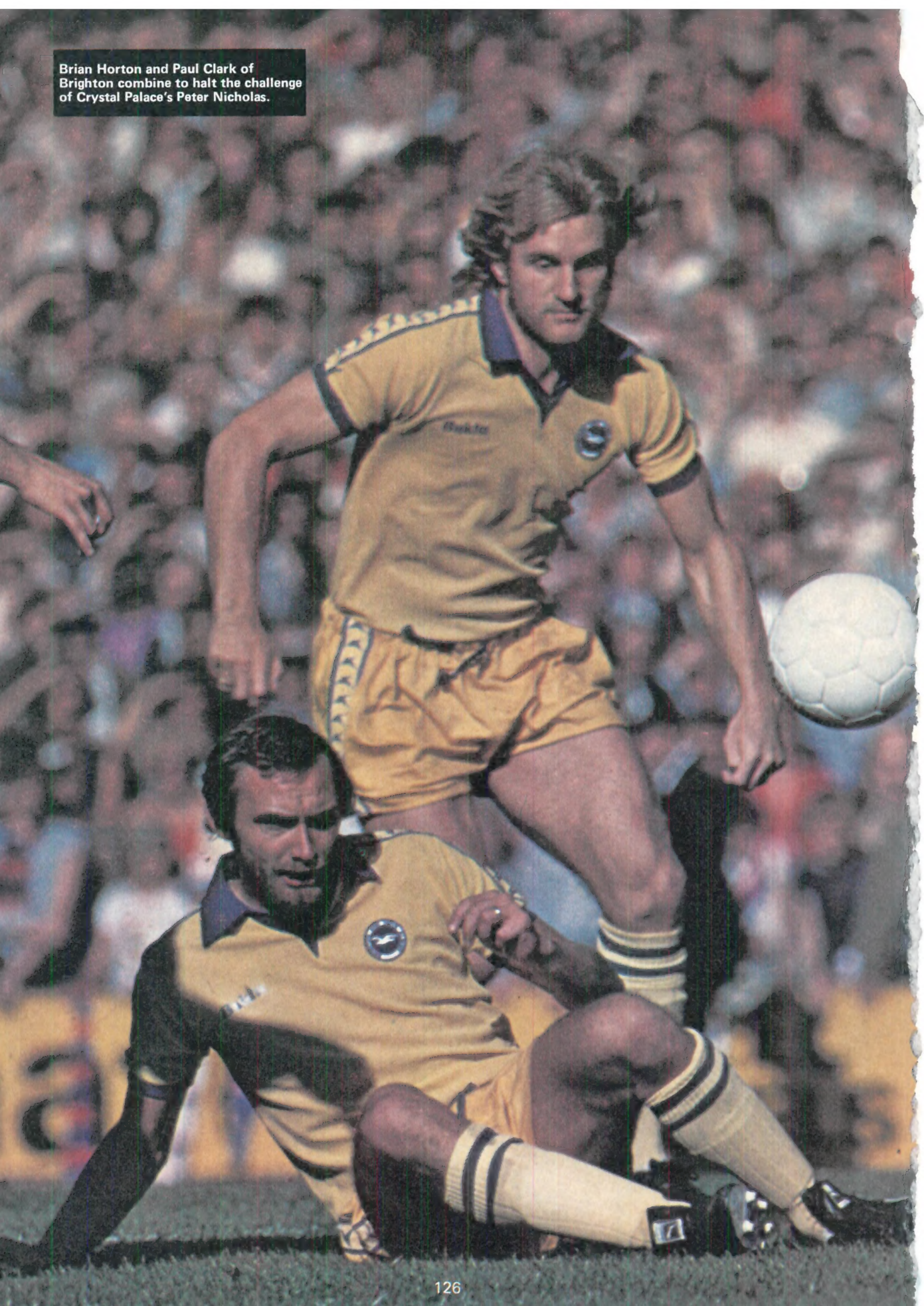
**ABOVE** Ipswich fans give their heroes a warm welcome home.

**BELOW** Bobby Robson treats Roger Osborne to a nice cup of tea in bed the morning after the Final.





Brian Horton and Paul Clark of Brighton combine to halt the challenge of Crystal Palace's Peter Nicholas.







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# SHOOT!

ANNUAL 1980



Star players,  
great games  
in exciting  
features  
and photos

